The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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STARS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Astronomers may gaze the Heavens o'er,
Discovering wonders, great, perhaps, and true,
That stars are worlds, and peopled like our own,
But I shall never think as these men do.

I shall believe them little shining things,
Fashioned from heavenly ore, and filled with light.
And to the sky above, so smoothly blue,
An angel comes and nails them, every night.

And I have seen him. You, no doubt, would think,
A white cloud sailed across the Heavens blue.
But as I watched the feathery thing, it was
An angel nailing up the stars I knew.

And all night long they shine for us below.
Shine in pale splendor, till the mighty sun
Wakes up again. And then the angel comes,
And gathers in his treasures, one by one.

How sweet the task. Oh, when this life is o'er
And I have joined the angel band on high,
Of all that throng, oh, may it be *my* lot,
To nail the stars upon the evening sky.

Westport, Wis.

ROTHSCHILD REVEALING THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

THE

ELECTOR AND THE MONEY PRINCE.

BY LOUISE MUHLBACH,

AUTHOR OF "FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT," ETC., ETC.

Gudula uttered a cry of rapture, flew towards him, threw both arms around his neck, and pressed a burning kiss upon his lips. Then, as though alarmed at the ardor of her emotions, she drew back, but Mayer Anselm held her fast in his arms.

"What does this signify?" cried the young officer, approaching the pair; "who presumes to trespass here in this daring way, like a thief?"

"One who has come to deliver Gudula," replied Mayer Anselm, with proud bearing. "One who will deliver Gudula from him who has presumed to ensnare her like a robber, *Herr* Landgrave, Wilhelm of Hesse!"

"Impudent scoundrel!" shrieked the Landgrave, raising his hand, "I will chastise you like—but, no," he said, interrupting himself, "no, even the contact of my clenched fist would be for you a knightly blow, and would transform the Jew into a cavalier. I will punish you as you deserve. You entered here as a thief—I will have you arrested, and tried for larceny!"

"*Herr* Landgrave, you will not do that," cried Gudula, freeing herself from Mayer Anselm's arms, and approaching the young prince, "no, you will have pity, you—"

"Hush, Gudula, hush," interrupted Mayer Anselm, proudly. "You shall not humiliate yourself by entreaties. We have right on our side, and—"

"Right?" exclaimed the Landgrave, with derisive laughter; "has, then, the Jew rights? Call it before the courts, Jew; dare to accuse me, and see whether the Jew obtains rights against the Landgrave of Hanau, the future Elector of Hesse! I will deliver you as a thief into the hands of justice, and by heaven! you shall receive punishment for your trespassing."

"And if the injustice of man condemns me I will endure it," said Mayer Anselm, calmly, "but I will accuse you before your own conscience and before God. I will loudly before the whole world assert my innocence, and I will accuse you as a criminal."

"And you will nevertheless be condemned," laughed the Landgrave. "But who are you, pray? What right have you to this maiden?"

"He is my brother, my dear beloved brother," cried Gudula. "*Herr* Landgrave, you say you love me. Well, then, prove it to me. Be magnanimous; pardon my brother—let him go from here free! Let me go with him, overcome your heart; and I will forget and forgive; I will pray God for your happiness. Let this dark hour remain a secret that shall never cross our lips; erase it with the noble words: Go, Gudula, I will not prevent you!"

"No, no," cried the young prince, sadly, "no, Gudula, I cannot, for I love you truly; and I will now give you a proof of it! In the presence of your brother, I repeat to you: I love you! And my love is so great that it bids defiance to all prejudices. Gudula, I will show my esteem of your virtue, your honor. I here offer you my hand. I cannot make you my legitimate consort—but I can make you by the church my wedded wife; I can give you rank, station, and name; I can compel every one to honor you as my wife. Become a Christian. I offer you my hand!"

"I shall remain true to the God of my fathers!" said Gudula, solemnly; "I am a Jewess, and so I shall remain!"

"You reject my hand?" exclaimed the Landgrave, with wounded pride. "You desire, then, to ruin your brother?"

"I am not Gudula's brother," said Mayer Anselm, meeting the prince's flashing eyes with a firm gaze.

"Not her brother; who then, are you?"

"I am her friend, her betrothed, her future husband. Come, Gudula, place your hand in mine, and tell the Landgrave that I have a sacred right to protect you, that you will one day be my wife!"

She laid her little hand in his with a lovely smile, but she did not speak.

"*Herr* Landgrave," continued Mayer Anselm, "this is the second time we have met. Twelve years ago you came from idle curiosity to the Jewish quarter, to contemplate the shame and wretchedness of our people. At that time the haughty boy prince said to the defiant boy Jew, 'If you are ever in want or distress, come to me at Hanau, and ask for aid, and you shall have it.' *Herr* Landgrave, I am now in want and distress, for some one will take from me the dearest that I have in the world. *Herr* Landgrave, I implore you, who are called to rule a people, for aid against the young man, who in the blindness of passion will outrage himself and his honor. *Herr* Landgrave, you will not refuse me this aid—you will not permit that the poor Jew from whom man has taken all except domestic happiness, shall be wantonly robbed of that too. You are a prince, a rich man—you will not desire to steal from the Jew, the poor man, his sole treasure!"

"Steal?" exclaimed the prince, vehemently.

"To snatch anything by force from the possession of the owner, is called stealing," said the young man calmly. "*Herr* Landgrave, I have surprised the thief in the deed, and I take from him the unlawfully gotten goods. Come, Gudula, follow me; your father is waiting for you. The noble Landgrave has a curious way of showing his love; you have refused him, you have told him you do not love him; he has, therefore, no right to you. Come, let us go. If there remain yet a spark of honor, of pride, and of nobility in this son of princes, he will not hinder us. I have no weapon or defence against this proud man, but I have *my* right, and *his* conscience in my favor. Come, Gudula, let us return to the Jewish quarter."

He held Gudula's hand firmly within his own, and with firm, calm step led her towards the door, drew the bolt, pushed open the door and went out with Gudula.

The Landgrave had stood with averted face; as Gudula and Mayer Anselm, however, crossed the threshold, he sprang forwards, then paused, clinging to the door as though to force himself to go no farther, a deep sigh escaped him, and tears streamed from his eyes, tears of rage, of indignation, and of wounded self-love.

Hand in hand, meanwhile, the young pair fled through the garden. No one detained them, no one saw them; the moon looked down glitteringly upon them, lighted their path, showed them the little gate through which Mayer Anselm had entered, and guided them protectingly upon their solitary way.

Neither spoke; their hearts were too full to desecrate the solemn silence with words. Once only Gudula asked,

"Did my father disquiet himself greatly?"

"Yes, Gudula," replied Mayer Anselm, "he disquieted himself greatly. But he is a pious man, and he prayed."

"Let us make haste!" said Gudula.

And now finally they reached the goal of their wanderings—now they advanced through the gate into the Jewish quarter. Only a few steps and they had reached that house in which old Baruch Schnapper awaited his daughter in deadly anxiety.

They proceeded onward into the silent house. A cry of joy resounded from within at the sound of their advancing steps, the door was burst open, and father and daughter lay weeping in one another's arms.

"Father Baruch," said Gudula, after a pause, pointing to Mayer Anselm, "he has delivered me from death and shame. You owe it to him that we are united once more."

"I will pray for him morning and evening for that," cried Baruch, extending both hands to him, "I will love him as though he were my own son."

"Let me be your son, Baruch," said Mayer Anselm, "give me the right to love you as my father!"

"What do you mean, Mayer Anselm?" asked Baruch wonderingly.

"I will tell you, Father Baruch, and above all, Gudula, I will tell you. I don't want to call you 'sister Gudula' any more as I did this evening. These few hours have transformed me, they have revealed to me a great secret that has reposed within me from childhood up without my knowing it. As I moved onwards through the night in trouble and anxiety about you, Gudula, it seemed to me as though the golden doors of the holy of holies within my heart were opened, and within I saw thee, the angel of my life, the prayer of my soul, the hope of my future; and at once I recognized what I had never known, that I loved you beyond measure, that life only had value for me if you would share it with me, Gudula. And so I ask you, Gudula, if you will accept my love and my heart, if you will make me a happy man in giving me your heart and your love? I would have asked you on the way hither, but I knew you would prefer to hear me in the presence of your father. And so, Baruch, I ask you before Gudula replies, if you will have me for your daughter's husband, if you will give me Gudula for my wife?"

"Most joyfully will I have you for my daughter's husband," cried the old man with radiant countenance; "will give you Gudula for your wife and my fervent blessing. But no, no," he cried, interrupting himself, "it will not do, you are no longer able to sue for the hand of any maiden. Mayer Anselm, I must remind you that you are the betrothed of the wealthy Violet Rachel, who loves you so devotedly that she will give you her hand and her fortune! Must I remind you that you can no longer dispose of your heart, that it belongs to Violet? It has only been a few hours since you asked counsel of us in regard to marrying Violet Rachel, who was to make you a rich man, and we both advised you to do it. So now I can only repeat, go hence, marry the daughter of the wealthy Nathan, and become a rich man!"

"You think it was only a few hours ago that you spoke so to me?" inquired Mayer Anselm, fixing his eyes upon Gudula. "No, a whole eternity lies between, a whole universe of emotions, a new life has sprung up within me since then. Oh, I have hitherto walked with blind eyes and with deaf ears! I should have heavily sinned against love and happiness, and in the foolish obduracy of my heart I sought happiness where it is never to be found, and expected to find in gold what the heart alone can give, the joy and the contentment of life. Gudula, become my wife, and I shall be the richest man upon earth, for I shall possess what all the treasures of earth cannot purchase, a beautiful, virtuous and beloved wife! Gudula, say that you love me, and I shall be a millionaire if in the eyes of the world I possess nothing else! But the heart of a beloved woman is worth more than millions, and can create more real joy than mountains of gold and precious stones."

Gudula made no reply, she had turned away that neither could see her face, but they saw how her whole form trembled, they heard how she softly sobbed.

"Gudula," cried her father, "I shall now tell Mayer Anselm why you wanted to leap into the Main where it is deepest."

She turned hastily, displaying her burning cheeks, over which rolled the tears in streams.

"Father, if you say that," she cried passionately, "I will go now and do it."

"Mayer Anselm, hold her fast so that she cannot go," said the old man laughing. "I threatened this evening to tell you the secret that she bears in her heart, and she vowed that if I betrayed it to you she would jump into the Main."

"And what was the secret?" asked Mayer Anselm with radiant countenance.

"I dare not tell you, Mayer Anselm. Ask Gudula."

Mayer Anselm drew his arm gently around her waist, and looked long and earnestly into her glowing face.

"Gudula," he cried supplicatingly, "I said this evening I would give my life to become a rich man. See now, Gudula, I stand before the greatest of all treasures, and need a talisman to gain possession of it. I think, Gudula, that your secret is the talisman. "What is it your father dare not tell me?"

"That I love you!" she cried, throwing both arms around his neck and hiding her face in his bosom.

"Gudula," he cried jubilantly, "I thank you! I have found my treasure, I am a rich man."

The happy have no history, their years roll on as one long sunny day. Mayer Anselm had found his treasure beyond price, and he honored and cherished it his life long, and after many years of union he still looked upon Gudula as the better and most beautiful half of his being. She shared all his thoughts and aspirations, she joyfully endured privations with him when they were yet poor, she worked with him, and aided him in his daily labors, she shared his great aim in life, a determination to become rich! For they both fully realized that riches alone could give them freedom, and enable them to procure redress and consolation for their people, for the great family of the unfortunate.

And they did become rich; after years of unwearied labor and saving, wise calculations and speculations, Mayer Anselm Rothschild was a man of consequence and note even among the Christian brokers and merchants of Frankfort. When he appeared upon exchange with his three eldest sons, whom he had early taken into his banking-house as partners and assistants, he was treated with the highest consideration, and good heed was paid to the papers Mayer Anselm bought, for he was never known to buy worthless papers or enter into dangerous speculations. The people well knew that it was safe to follow his example, because he was not merely a sagacious business man, but a man of honor upon whose word reliance could be founded as upon a rock.

Through himself alone, through his power of mind, his [illegible] of foresight, and his ceaseless activity, had Mayer Anselm become what he was, a rich man; and precisely for that reason did he rejoice and say proudly to his sons: "I have become what I am through myself, not through others! Work is my patroness, industry my friend, and economy my fairy godmother. Through these alone have I become what I am, a wealthy man, who is indebted to no one but the great God above who has given him more than riches: a beloved wife and ten dear, healthy children. So let us continue to be industrious, and the blessing of God will be with us through all time." Years, long years passed thus through which the connection so strangely begun between the Landgrave of Hanau and Mayer Anselm Rothschild had never been dissolved. The Landgrave had married conformably to his rank, he had upon succeeding to the electorate of Hesse after the death of his father in 1785, hanged his residence to Cassel, but through all changes he remained ever mindful of that scene in the pavilion, and it seemed needful to him to give Mayer Anselm Rothschild satisfaction for the insult and wrong he had done him, and to prove to him how highly he esteemed and trusted him.

In consideration of this he appointed Mayer Anselm Rothschild in the year 1801 his court agent. Mayer Anselm repaired with the princely commission to his Gudula, whom he found in the family sitting-room surrounded by her children. He smilingly handed her the paper, and asked if she yet bore any ill-will to the elector, and would have any objections to his accepting the title and employment.

Gudula cast a hasty glance over the paper, and then she, too, smiled. "I bear no ill will to the elector," said she, "on the contrary he was our bride's man, and through him it was brought about that Mayer Anselm became my dearly beloved husband. But I should like to know what gain the great Mayer Anselm Rothschild would have from being appointed court agent to the little elector of Hesse."

"The Elector of Hesse is an extraordinarily rich gentleman," replied her husband, gravely; "he would be powerful and influential even were he no prince, for he possesses many million *florins*."

"It is well known how he has obtained his *florins*," said Gudula, shrugging her shoulders. "He has for money sold his poor subjects to England, that they may aid in suppressing freedom and independence in America. He has obliged England to pay him an hundred *florins* for each one of his fallen subjects, and has not given the money to the families of the fallen, but thrust it into his own pocket; and once when in a battle on the Delaware there fell but few Hessians, the elector wrote himself to the English commanding general in America to complain that so few Hessians were left on the battle-field, and demanded that in future the Hessians should be stationed where there was the most danger!* He is a glorious father to his people, forsooth, this Elector of Hesse, and undoubtedly desires Mayer Anselm Rothschild to do him the honor of becoming his court agent."

"I believe you are right, Gudula," said Mayer Anselm, musingly; "he is an evil ruler, and has undoubtedly sold his subjects to England for money. Yet he has been the cause of a great and glorious creation. Had it not been for the Elector of Hesse, Frederick Schiller had never written his tragedy "*Kabale und Liebe*," that you saw with me at the theatre the other night, and over which you shed so many tears."

"By the wicked sovereign he meant the Elector of Hesse?" cried Gudula, eagerly.

"Yes, indeed, Gudula," replied Mayer Anselm, smilingly, "and it only depended upon yourself that Schiller with Lady Milford did not mean Gudula Schnapper."

Gudula blushed as though she were the young girl of eighteen years ago. "Blessed be the God of my fathers that I have nothing in common with poor Lady Milford, over whose fate I shed so many tears. It is a glorious play that Schiller has made out of the Elector of Hesse and his evil doings; for Schiller's sake we must forgive the elector, and not go further into judgment against him. Do him the honor to accept his title, and perhaps when you manage his millions the curse which clings now to them may be transformed into blessings!"

So Mayer Anselm did as Gudula had consented; he accepted the title, he became court-agent of the wealthy Elector of Hesse, he managed with fidelity and circumspection the millions confided to him, and suspicious and timid as the avaricious Elector of Hesse usually was, he had unbounded confidence in Mayer Anselm's honor and judgment, for he saw how his capital increased and multiplied in the hands of the wise, far-seeing man of business.

But whilst Mayer Anselm Rothschild led a happy domestic life in his little, cheerful house in the Jew quarter of Frankfort, and upon exchange in the proud old free-city became every day more and more illustrious, the whole world outside of Frankfort was in tumult and commotion, war cries and thunder of battle resounded through Europe; and the name of Napoleon, the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz, howled like the voice of the winds throughout Europe, filling the hearts of princes with anxiety and terror, the hearts of the people with hatred and abhorrence. Finally, like the rolling of thunder, it broke upon the old free-city of Frankfort, and pale with horror the people cried: "The French are coming! They have taken possession of Hanau and Cassel, and have driven away the elector! And now they will doubtless attack Frankfort, too, and it is all over with the old free-city and with our freedom and rights!"

In the evening of this day of terror and excitement, after Mayer Anselm had long closed his office and returned home to his house to rest in his peaceful family sitting-room, after the exertions of the day, it was

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*Historical.

announced to him that a stranger stood without the door who earnestly besought an interview.

"The sun is already set," said Mayer Anselm, reluctantly, "and to-day I shall do no more business."

"The sun is set, but it will rise again, I trust," said a grave, sorrowful voice; and as Mayer Anselm turned, he saw on the threshold of the open door a man closely muffled in a cloak.

"Who are you?" asked Mayer Anselm, rising and approaching the stranger. "What right have you to enter here without my consent to listen to my words, and—"

"Dismiss the servant, *Herr Hofagent*,* I must speak with you alone," replied the stranger in an earnest, authoritative voice, advancing into the room.

Mayer Anselm must have recognized the voice, for he dismissed the servant without making further objections, and closed the door.

Then he turned to the stranger, who with a groan had dropped down into the arm chair of the master of the house.

"Is it possible, royal highness, that it is you, and alone, on foot?" inquired Mayer Anselm, with painful astonishment.

"Alone, on foot and a fugitive," replied the stranger, letting his head droop wearily upon the arm of the chair. "I am hungry, I am weary, I have been the whole day on foot. Give me something to eat, Mayer Anselm Rothschild."

Mayer Anselm rushed from the room without making any reply, he called his wife, whispered something in her ear, and then they both set to work in kitchen and cellar. Mayer Anselm himself carried in the table service and food, as though he were the servant of the strange nobleman who sat in the arm-chair with closed eyes as though in a half slumber.

"If it please your excellency, the meal is served," said Mayer Anselm, rolling the table toward the stranger.

The latter gulped down a glass of wine, and swallowed a few morsels of food. Mayer Anselm stood opposite him, thoughtfully gazing into his pale, sorrow-stricken face. Suddenly the stranger looked up, and the eyes of the two men met.

"Mayer Anselm," he said, "I was thinking of long gone-by times."

"I too, gracious Elector," replied Mayer Anselm, gently.

"I was thinking of that time when we first met as boys. It was thirty-five years ago, and yet I see you distinctly as you stood before me with your shrewd, defiant face, giving keen offence to the high-spirited prince boy. I seem to hear your voice as you said to me at parting, 'I am Mayer Anselm Rothschild, and live with my mother, in the Jewish quarter of Frankfort. If you ever need my services come to me.'"

"I was an impudent young scoundrel in those days," said the banker, smiling.

"No, I believe it was I who was an impudent young scoundrel," replied the elector, "and therefore it is that fate will fulfill your words of that time. Mayer Anselm Rothschild, I have come to you because I need your services."

"And your excellency well knows that you may count upon my readiness to serve you."

"I know that you are a worthy, honorable man, and I have confidence in you. Look here," continued the elector, casting back his cloak, "I am disguised as a peasant, and to this disguise I owe my life. The French have driven me forth, they have occupied my cities, driven out my officials; and Napoleon, knowing my hatred for him and his accursed depredations, has declared my inherited and legitimate throne confiscated. My family have already happily escaped to Denmark; but I could not go immediately with them, for I had at least to care for my fortune, as my land was stolen from me. The securities I take with me; but the ready money, and you know what pleasure I have had in my piles of gold, the ready money I cannot take with me. I have packed it myself in sacks, which are filled up besides with corn, and I have brought the sacks here in a farm-wagon, disguised myself as a peasant. The wagon is waiting before the door. Mayer Anselm Rothschild, will you guard and save my money?"

"I will, royal elector," replied the banker, simply.

"Then have the sacks brought in. Call your people and set them to work. My confidential valet is outside with the wagon."

"But would it not be better, your excellency, if I should bring in the sacks alone."

"Impossible! They are too heavy, for they contain three millions in stamped *Louis d'or* and bullion. I have divided them into twelve sacks."

"Three millions!" exclaimed Mayer Anselm, with a groan, "it will be very difficult to safely conceal so much money."

"You will find a means," said the elector; "make haste, Rothschild, have the sacks unpacked, that I may know my money safely in your possession. I must be gone as quickly as possible."

An hour later the twelve sacks where unpacked, and with their "*Louis d'or*" and bullion stood safely in Mayer Anselm's room.

The elector stood contemplating them with mournfully tender gaze like a lover who was about parting from the object of his affections.

"Mayer Anselm Rothschild," he said, "I confide to you the highest, most important, most necessary thing in the world, my money. I am a poor fugitive—you must prevent me from becoming a beggar. Will you?"

Mayer Anselm Rothschild placed both hands on the sacks, and said solemnly,

"I swear to you by the holy of holies in our temple, by Jehovah in Heaven, and by all that is sacred to me upon earth, I swear to you, royal elector, that I will guard your money, and if needs be, that I will defend it with my life! I swear to you that I will keep the whole matter secret from every one!"

"I know that you will keep your vow, Mayer Anselm," said the elector, gravely, extending his hand to the banker. "And now farewell, Rothschild, I must go. Pray for me, that I may happily escape my pursuers and find a refuge until my time of revenge has come—the time when Germany's people and princes receive atonement and compensation for the shame and humiliation under which they now languish."

When the elector had left him, Mayer Anselm locked his door—and had Baruch Schnapper been still alive, living in the little house opposite, he would have wondered to see the light burning this night in his son-in-law's room; and to see how the shadow came and went behind the curtain, and how the light vanished and then appeared again, and how behind the little cellar-window there also came and went a shadow, and how this lasted throughout the night. But Baruch Schnapper had long been gathered to his fathers, and only the servant marvelled the next morning to find his master's clothes so covered with dust and dirt, and bits of cement and mortar.

Mayer Anselm spoke to no one of the visit of the fugitive prince; he had sworn to guard his secret, and he did so. Nevertheless there spread a dim rumor of it throughout Frankfort, for the neighbors had seen the wagon standing in front of Mayer Anselm's door, and observed with what exertion the sacks were lifted into the house; and the people who carried them, told, in a mysterious way, how very heavy they were, and that certainly there must be something besides corn in those sacks. And they put this and that together, and calculated until they came at last upon the right track, and reported that the elector had made a safe escape, and had deposited his millions with his court-agent, Mayer Anselm Rothschild. These tidings spread from mouth to mouth until they reached the ears of the French, who had now left Hanau to conquer Frankfort, and make of the grand old free-city the metropolis of a grand duchy under Napoleon's rule! And it was a German who was to receive the grand ducal crown from the hands of the French usurper. In former times at every imperial coronation, the herald had cried: "Is no 'Dalberg' at hand?" And then a "Dalberg" would step forward and bend his knee before the German emperor in order to receive the order of knighthood and take the oath of inviolable fidelity. Now, on the contrary, had the *French* emperor called for the "Dalberg," and the "Dalberg" had bowed his knee before the oppressor of Germany, and had proffered him the oath of fidelity, and had allowed himself to be sealed by him Grand Duke of Frankfort.

But before the newly created grand duke could take possession of his court-city, it must be despoiled of all its old freedom and privileges—must lose its constitution, and cease to be a German free city! Napoleon had said that it must be so, and his words were just then like the sentence of a god, to which submission must be given.

The French moved forward in great columns from Hanau and Cassel, and what else could Frankfort do than yield to the superior force, than to submit?

It yielded, and the French were now lords and rulers; the good *burgers* of Frankfort that in the morning had risen free German men, before evening saw themselves transformed into subjects of the Grand Duke of Napoleon's creation.

At noon of the same day a column of the French military entered the Jewish quarter of Frankfort. The advance officer inquired of the gaping children who hung around the doors amazed that such handsome, distinguished-looking soldiers should come to visit the dirty old Jewish quarter, whether they knew where Mayor Anselm Rothschild, the court-agent of the elector of Hesse, lived.

They all knew it, these gaping children, and with eager readiness they hastened forwards to show the French soldiers the way to Mayer Anselm Rothschild's house.

Mayer Anselm sat calmly in his working-room reckoning up his books to close the week, when the door was burst open, and Gudula, pale with terror, rushed in—

"Mayer Anselm, the French soldiers have forced their way into the house! They occupy the street and the yard, they are on the step, and in the house. We are lost! They must have learned that the elector was here, that—"

"Hush, Gudula," interrupted her husband, calmly, "do you not see that we are not alone?"

In fact there stood several French officers in the room, and before the open door stood armed French soldiers.

Mayer Anselm calmly advanced to meet the officers, and inquire their business.

"We are commissioned to demand of you the millions confided to your care by the former Elector of Hesse," said the first officer.

"I have received no millions from the Elector of Hesse," replied the banker, calmly.

The officer smiled. "You refuse to give up the money? The Emperor Napoleon has ordered them to be given over to the Grand Duke of Frankfort. We have the strictest orders to collect these millions from you."

"I know of no millions," exclaimed Mayer Anselm. "His highness, the Elector of Hesse, has deposited nothing with me."

"We have certain information that the deposed elector confided his treasures to you; it is useless to deny it. Your own property shall be spared, nothing shall be disturbed of your fortune and goods, you are only required to yield up what does not belong to you."

"I know of no treasures," repeated Mayer Anselm.

"I warn you," cried the officer, violently. "You see your house is garrisoned, armed soldiers stand before your door. We have strict orders, and if you do not yield good-naturedly, we are authorized to use the sternest measures. I dare not conceal from you that you risk even your life if you persist in your refusal."

"He is lost! They will kill him," murmured Gudula, sinking upon her knees and uplifting her clasped hands towards heaven.

"They may kill me," said Mayer Anselm, calmly, "but they cannot force me to acknowledge what I do not know."

The officer beckoned some of the soldiers into the room. "Guard all the doors," he ordered; "search every room, from garret to cellar; let no one out of the house, and when you meet with resistance, resort to your arms. Go! I command the strictest search!"

The heavy tramp of the soldiers was now heard all over the house. Mayer Anselm stood with pale but resolute countenance listening attentively to the noise and tumult of the soldiers. Gudula still knelt and prayed.

"My dear sir," said the officer, "I repeat to you we have orders to resort to the utmost severity. If you do not give up the money, I shall be forced to have you shot as a traitor and a rebel."

Gudula uttered a cry of horror, and sprang from her knees to hasten to her husband, threw her arms about him and clung to him passionately.

"Mayer Anselm," she supplicated, "be merciful to me and your children! You dare not die and leave us defenceless. You must escape violence. You shall not sacrifice your life for wretched money. Oh God, God, they will kill you!"

"They will kill me, but I will die an honest man," said Mayer Anselm, firmly. "Go to your daughters, Gudula! Call hither our sons!"

"No one can be admitted here," said the officer. "Every room in the house is guarded, and every one shall remain prisoners in whatever part of the house they may now be, until you set them free by your acknowledgment, or until after the execution."

"My children then must remain prisoners, and you, Gudula, remain with me until the execution!"

"I will pray, I will pray!" whispered Gudula, and she sank again upon her knees.

Now all was still within the room. At the door stood the armed soldiers; the officers had withdrawn to the window recess.

After a while an orderly entered the room to announce that they had searched the upper floors of the house and had found no gold or money.

"You still persist in your denial?" asked the officer.

"I persist," replied Mayer Anselm, calmly.

"Even when I tell you that by means of our spies and agents we know with certainty that the elector was with you, that he confided his treasures to your care?"

"Even then!"

"Even when I tell you that your silence not only condemns you to death, but endangers all your fellow believers? For if you do not yield up the millions I will have you shot, and then grant the soldiers permission to pillage the Jewish quarter."

"Mayer Anselm, be merciful," shrieked Gudula, "deliver our poor people. Yield to force."

"I yield to it, therefore am I ready to give up my life," said Mayer Anselm, solemnly.

"And to endanger the lives of many of your fellow believers, for you well know when once the pillaging of the Jewish houses has begun, fanaticism will carry it on to a war of annihilation."

"Mayer Anselm," wailed Gudula, "think of your father and your mother, who could not rest in their graves if it were their son who plunged his enslaved people into new miseries; think of the suffering and the want that weighs heavily upon our people, and do not increase their wretchedness. Ward off new misfortunes if you can, have pity upon the infirm and sick, save your people."

Mayer Anselm stood there, immovable, with deathly pale face, with tightly compressed lips, his eyes upturned, with a mournful, questioning gaze.

Again an orderly entered to announce that the lower floors of the house had been searched without any discoveries.

"Go now to the cellar," commanded the officer, "take with you pick-axe and spades, make a strict search of the cellar, and if you find nothing there the search is at an end and the execution begins."

"Mayer Anselm," shrieked Gudula in despair, "spare to me the father of my children, deliver your people!"

Her husband drew himself up and heaved a deep sigh; from his quivering face could be seen that he had fought a last fight with himself. The sweat stood in great drops upon his pale brow, and when he spoke his voice was weak and faltering.

"Well, then," he said, "I yield. God is my witness, I cannot do otherwise. Captain, call back your people, let my house not be entirely overturned. Give orders that they at once leave my house and set free my children, and I am ready to hand over the money confided to me."

"At last!" cried the officer. "I tell you, man, you stood already with one foot in the grave, for I would have had you shot, I had strict orders to do so. The supplications of your wife, that softened your obstinacy, have rescued you from death. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the other officers, "oblige me by giving orders to the soldiers that the search is at an end, leave the house with them, and station them in the street without until further orders. Only the guards at the door need remain."

The officers left the room, and the commander again turned to the banker. "Now, sir, fulfil your promise. Give up to me the money."

Mayer Anselm heaved a last mournful sigh, and seemed to gasp for breath. "Gudula," he then said in a gentle, entreating voice, "go now. They will not detain you longer here. Repair to the family sitting-room and await me there with our sons and daughters. I will come to you so soon as I have completed the business with this gentleman."

Gudula grasped the hand he extended to her, imprinted a long, fervent kiss upon it, looked earnestly into his face, and then glided silently and meekly away.

Mayer Anselm waited until the door had closed behind her before advancing through the room with resolute step to the opposite wall. He lifted down a picture which hung above his secretary, and displayed to view a little iron door. This the banker opened with a little key he drew forth from his breast pocket. A secret closet was now visible, filled with rolls of gold coin, heavy purses and papers.

"Here, your highness," said Mayer Anselm in a dull voice, "here are two millions, eight hundred thousand *thalers* in gold, in bullion, and good securities."

Two hours later Mayer Anselm entered the family sitting-room, a strange peace, a marvellous joy imprinted upon his features. In the middle of the room he stood with proudly erect head, with firm, dignified bearing, looking as his sons had only seen him look upon occasions of great import.

"Sons of my heart and of my love," he said, "when I made you partners in my banking house, what were the precepts that I gave you as the laws of your life? Answer, Anselm, in the name of your brothers, what was the law that I gave you?"

"Be true to yourselves, and to those who repose trust in you," said the young man solemnly. "Hold fast to the faith of your fathers, hold fast to labor and honesty. Let your word be sacred to you, and what you have promised, let it be so inviolable that one can build upon it as upon a rock. Despise not the most trifling profits if acquired honestly, but despise the greatest gains if they would cause you to droop your eyes before honor and truth. This was what you said, father, and I hope you will bear testimony that we have lived and acted accordingly."

"And I hope," cried the father enthusiastically, "and I hope at my dying day you also will bear testimony that I have lived and acted accordingly. My sons! I made a solemn vow to a man who confided his fortune to me, to guard and keep it, and defend it even with my life. Was it my duty to keep my word to him?"

"It was your duty to keep your word to him," exclaimed the sons as with one mouth.

"And if I could save his money by giving up my own, should I give up my own?"

"You should give it up, father!"

"Well, then, I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my word. The money entrusted to my care is saved, but my own fortune and yours, and all that we have in our business is lost. I am a poor man again."

"No!" exclaimed Gudula, and upon her matronly face there shone a beam of eternal youth, of eternal love, "no, you are rich, Mayer Anselm, for you are an honest man, you have wife and sons and daughters who love you. You will bequeath to your children an honorable name and a pure conscience."

Mayer Anselm uttered a cry of joy, and folded his wife to his bosom. "Gudula," he cried, "I tell you to-day, as I told you that time when you became the betrothed of the poor boy Mayer Anselm, I am a rich man, for your heart is a treasure that is more imperishable than money or fortune! My sons, our wealth is lost, but not our strength and vigor. We must begin anew. We must labor, and God will give us his blessing!

And God did give them his blessing! The house of Rothschild grew and throve, and its credit was never for a moment affected. No one knew that Mayer Anselm had lost his fortune, but it had been noised abroad that, compelled by the French, Mayer Anselm had yielded up the treasures confided to him by the fugitive elector, and no one blamed him, for it was well known that he had yielded only to overwhelming force.

And so time passed on, and there came a day of exultation, a day of revenge for poor down-trodden Germany. The people who had so long grovelled in the dust, like a chained lion beneath the foot of the all powerful, the German people broke its chains, and arose and became conscious of its own power, and forced its rulers to break loose from the usurper, and make the national cause their own. The German people, with a mighty struggle, regained its freedom, its honor, and in the year 1813, on the 18th of October, it took its revenge, it wrought retribution, drove Napoleon and his scattered hosts out of Germany; and then, why then the magnanimous lion, of its own free will, reassumed its chains, and placed itself again under its masters, its oppressors, called back its deposed princes, and the free German men became again German subjects of eight and thirty princes.

The elector of Hesse, too, after the victory of Leipsic, returned to his land, to his people, who had magnanimously forgotten all the injustice the elector had formerly wrought. His people accepted him once more for their master.

After the days of homage and public demonstration were over, the elector betook himself to Frankfort, and his first business was to send to the house of Rothschild a request for its head to call upon him.

Quarter of an hour later the banker Anselm Rothschild was announced to the elector; he gave orders to have him brought in, and eagerly advanced to meet him.

But it was not Mayer Anselm Rothschild who now entered, but a younger likeness of him, a man of scarcely forty years.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the elector hastily. "I sent for my court agent, Mayer Anselm Rothschild."

"Your excellency, he could not answer your call, for God has called him to himself."

"He is dead?"

"Yes, your excellency, he died a year ago."

"He was an honest, good man," said the elector, sighing. "I cherished the greatest confidence in him, and I have no reproaches to make him that the results of my confidence were unfortunate. Through my agent and negligence I have learnt everything, and I know that your father only yielded up my money by compulsion to the infamous French plunderers after the bravest resistance. Your father bore himself like a true, honest man; I hear this testimony to him even in his grave, and as concerns the three millions I entrusted to him, I have recovered from the vexation at their loss. It was not for this that I sent for you; there are, thank God, yet a few millions remaining to me, and I wanted to hand them over to your father to invest safely for me. I am deeply grieved to hear of his death, for, as I said before, he was a true, honest man, and it was not his fault that the three millions were lost!"

"Your excellency," said Anselm Rothschild, smiling, "your millions are not lost!"

"What do you mean? Was it really not true? Your father was not plundered?"

"Yes, your excellency, that was true. But my father had sworn to your highness to guard your money, and he has fulfilled his vow. He yielded up to the French, who menaced him with death, his own fortune, and by this means preserved the three millions belonging to your excellency."

"So that my millions are really not lost!" exclaimed the elector, with beaming countenance."

"Your excellency, the house of Rothschild is ready, whenever your excellency requires it, to pay over the three millions, with the usual interest from the day of receipt."

The elector looked up with breathless astonishment into the calm, unmoved visage of the banker. "All?" he asked, after a pause. "You might have denied me all, and yet you give me all, interest as well as capital.

"Undoubtedly, your excellency," replied the banker calmly. "There is but one thing the house of Rothschild would request, and that is that in consideration of the disastrous circumstances through which my father rescued your fortune, you will not demand compound interest up to the present day. We are ready at any time to settle the account with you."

"But I am not ready to permit it," cried the elector, eagerly. "Banker Anselm Rothschild, you are the worthy son of your father. Once in my life I was compelled to drop my eyes in shame before your father; in the presence of his son I shall not do it. You shall not pay me out the three millions; they shall continue in your care, and there shall be no further talk of interest and percentage from the day of deposit until now. I consider my three millions but just deposited with the house of Rothschild, and only from to-day will I receive interest, and that only half of the usual rate of percentage."

"I do not know, your excellency, whether I ought to accept this generosity, and—"

"Hush!" cried the elector, interrupting him with dignity. "Do not speak to me of generosity, otherwise I shall be forced to admit that it was you who exercised it. However, in three years of exile I have come to comprehend many new things, and learned that there are many princes besides the crowned ones, and that money can erect thrones as well as birth. We can place, therefore, power against power, Mr. Anselm Rothschild. I am the elector, prince by birth, you are the money prince. And who knows, perhaps some day the money prince may become more powerful than the prince by birth. You shall see, noble money prince, that the elector is not ungrateful, and that he will not be ashamed to proclaim aloud to the world how much gratitude he owes you!"

And the elector kept his word to his banker, the court agent Rothschild; kept it better than to his people, from whom he soon took the promised constitution.

When the princes all assembled in Vienna for the great congress, the Elector of Hesse narrated at one of the grand *fetes* the history of his three millions, and the honor of the house of Rothschild. They all listened with wonder; and every one of the assembled princes declared himself ready to reward such rare honesty. And *this* time princes were true to their word. Austria elevated the Brothers Rothschilds to the rank of barons, Prussia made them members of the privy council, the other princes decorated them with orders, and every potentate, great and small, when he needed money, turned to the house of Rothschild, to the money princes, of whom it could soon be said that they, more than any legitimate princes, ruled over war and peace.

Gudula, the ancestress of the house of Rothschild, who remained true to the little home in the Jewish quarter, although her sons built princely palaces out upon the *Zeil** and other parts of the beautiful Frankfort, and in Vienna, Naples, Paris and London; Gudula, too, recognized the power of her sons. When, in the year 1830, a neighbor came weeping to her with lamentations about the revolution which had broken out in France and Poland, and might become a universal war, M'me. Gudula answered proudly: "Do not be alarmed, my good neighbor, I will tell my sons not to give the princes any money, and then the princes cannot make any more war." THE END.

*Mr. Court-agent.

*Name of the promtnent street.

THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

He droops his plumy, snow-soft wings,
  He waves his balmy hand,
And wide the gate of silence swings
  That guards the shadowy land.
Forgot is time, the sentinel
  That stands outside the door;
The gloomy train of cares as well
  That clogged our steps before.
O, river of oblivion,
  Thy draughts are sweet and deep,
For Memory slumbers on her throne,
  Rocked by the angel Sleep.

There is a face whose loveliness
  Is marred by lines of care;
But Sleep has swept it with his kiss,
  And made it smooth and fair.
There is a worn and weary brain
  That rests until the morn;
There is a heart that beats with pain,
  That feels no more forlorn.
O, death's fair brother, how divine
  Must be that slumber deep,
More sweet, more calm, more free than thine,
  When his beloved sleep.

Freaks of the Election.

The New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury says that a man presented himself at the polls in a neighboring town on the day of election with a Democratic ticket, and remarking that he "could not vote for those men," cut off the heading "Seymour and Blair," and voted for the Democratic electors. In another case, a voter insisted that he would vote for nobody but the Republican nominees for President and Vice-President; so he voted the single heading, "Grant and Colfax," and rejected the entire ticket. A Democrat in Manchester, N. H., was anxious to vote for Seymour, but he couldn't go the Blair part of the ticket; so he cut the last name of the firm "Seymour and Blair" and cast the mutilated paper, thus easing his conscience.

In Hudson, N. Y., there was rather a curious bet made. Two citizens got into a discussion as to the chances in that state, when the Republican offered to take $10 from the Democrat, and give one cent for each vote that Hoffman received as a majority. This was accepted and the money put up. The Republican then offered to take $5 and pay the Democrat one cent for every vote that Seymour should get as a majority in this state. This proposition was also accepted and the money put up. The Democrat has made nearly $400 on an outlay of $15.

Two politicians of Cincinnati made an agreement that if Seymour was elected President, J—— M—— was to take a wife in six weeks or forfeit $500, and if Grant was elected C—— W—— was to do the same. The gentlemen are both "old bachelors," and the question now is a pecuniary one, whether $500 paid out and no marriage won't in the long run be a better investment than a marriage with numerous $500 bills in the future.

The most sensible election bet yet recorded was that between a gentleman and lady in New Albany, Indiana. In case of Grant's election he agreed to marry her, and in case of Seymour's success she was to marry him—that is to say, the gentleman with whom she had made the wager, and not Gov. Seymour. At last accounts the parties were very well satisfied with the manner with which the wager had been decided.

Why Women are Precious.

It has long been known that "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and on this ground alone some writers have sensibly advised women who wish to be valued highly to "make themselves scarce."

But the effect of literal scarcity on this article has been first elaborated in the Westminster Review for October, which shows that women have more influence and a higher standing in proportion as men exceed them in number. It gives the following singular illustration, if it may be called such:—

"At one time a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco without having every one pause to gaze on her; and a child was so rare that once at a theatre in the same city, where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra began to play, a man in the pit cried out, 'Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years!' The audience applauded this sentiment; the orchestra stopped, and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm."

☞ Brigham Young is said to be the third largest depositor in the Bank of England.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 28, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 23, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $75. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

We have been very much interested in two articles, by a lady, upon Co-operative Housekeeping, in the November and December numbers of the Atlantic Monthly.

It is, to say the least, an effort in the right direction—and shows what a great field exists for woman to occupy and improve—a field which Heaven has especially entrusted to her, and which some of the sex seem disposed to abandon for the comparatively barren and unprofitable domain of politics.

Good and economical housekeeping, including, of course, good cooking and sensible dressing, is the great want of the times in this country. It is preeminently woman's business. Politics can do very well without her care—but housekeeping cannot. That some kinds of Co-operative housekeeping could be made successful—especially the washing and the ironing—we have little doubt. And we do not see why a considerable amount could not be saved in wholesale, instead of retail, purchasing. And as to cooking, if that could not be done in a Co-operative kitchen, at least ladies who possess the requisite knowledge and leisure, could organize means by which cooks could be taught their business—could publish essays and tracts upon the subject, for the information of those housekeepers who do their own work—and thus not only promote the comfort of the community, and instil ideas of economy, but prevent a vast amount of ill-humor, intemperance and disease, of which badly cooked and improper food is the direct cause.

HEATING CARS.

We are glad to see that the inventive mind of the nation is being turned to the subject of heating railroad cars. A new method is thus described by the New Haven journal:

"A bonnet is placed on the top of the car at each end, to catch the wind while the car is in motion, and the air rushes down a pipe in the corner inside, close to the stove, which is made with a hot air jacket, and attached to the chamber formed by the heater and jacket surrounding it. On the floor of the car stands a closed box partly filled with water. The air, whether filled with dust or not, which enters the bonnet, rushes directly into this water box, where it is thoroughly washed, and passing into the heater, is forced, in an absolutely pure state, into pipes that run near the floor, the whole length of the car, on each side and under the seats. At proper intervals these pipes are perforated with small holes, through which the heated and purified air escapes. The whole arrangement gave great satisfaction to all in the cars, and it is thought that a very great advantage has been gained to the travelling public by this invention.

"The apparatus is as easily governed and regulated as the simplest stove, and is not at all cumbersome, but quite light and ornamental, and does not cost half as much as some other attempts at a car-heating apparatus. The warmth is distributed equally throughout the entire length of the car, and coming low down toward the floor will enable passengers to always keep their feet comfortably warm."

The above reads as if it would work. And oh for the time when railroad cars shall be properly heated and ventilated! At present they are a disgrace to the age. To think that with all our inventive genius, dust and cinders in the summer, and impure air in the winter, should render railroad travelling, which ought to be always delightful, so often a species of penance.

VENTILATION.

Solomon recommended the sluggard to look at the ants, and learn wisdom.

So we may recommend certain other people to look at the wasps. We see it stated that "an English gentleman lately took a small wasp's nest, about the size of an apple, and, after stupefying its inmates, placed it in a large case inside of his house, leaving an opening for egress through the wall. Here the nest was enlarged to a foot in diameter, holding thousands of wasps. Here he was able to watch their movements, and noted one new fact—namely, their systematic attention to ventilation. In hot weather from four to six wasps were continually stationed at the hole of egress; and, while leaving space for entrance or exit, created a steady current of fresh air by the exceedingly rapid motion of their wings. After a long course of this vigorous exercise, the ventilators were relieved by other wasps. During cool weather only two wasps at a time were usually thus engaged."

Should not men have as much sense as the wasps? But have they?

☞ We see it stated that Mrs. Pattie B. Johnson has brought suit against the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad for the death of her husband, claiming $25,000 damages. Such an "action" speaks louder than words as to her appreciation of the dear departed.

☞ A committee composed of the Mayor of this city, with a number of members of the Councils, have been on a tour down-East, examining the wooden-block pavements. We understand they have come to the conclusion that they can now make a first-rate pavement by putting their heads together.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POETICAL WRITINGS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, WITH EXTRACTS FROM THOSE OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. Edited by JAMES GRANT WILSON. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila. A beautiful volume.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC. This Almanac is prettily illustrated, and got up in all respects in handsome style. A book that is consulted so often as an Almanac is, of right should be worth looking at. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN. Globe Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. The first volume contains Waverley, Guy Mannering, Kenilworth, and Ivanhoe, Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co, New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

ST. RONAN'S WELL. A Romance by Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

ELLSWORTH'S SINGLE AND DOUBLE-ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING AND BUSINESS MANUAL, for Schools, Colleges, &c. By H. W. ELLSWORTH, Principal of the Ellsworth Business College and Author of the Ellsworthian System of Popular Penmanship, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE LITTLE GYPSY. By ELIE SAUVAGE. Translated from the French by J. M. LUTETIER. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott, Phila. The illustrations to this, by Frolich, are rather poor.

RURAL POEMS. By WILLIAM BARNES. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila. The "*London Review*" says of these poems, "They breathe the spirit of true poetry, and are invested with a simple beauty, which is their greatest charm."

THE NURSERY SERIES OF STORIES AND PICTURES. Three beautiful volumes. With many illustrations by OSCAR PLETSCH, HARRISON WEIR, HAMMATT, BILLINGS, and others. Published by John S. Shorey, and Nichols & Hall, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December, 1868. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. Letters from France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and England. By CHARLES H. HAESELER, M. D. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

Class Opinions—A Fable.

A lamb strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited much discussion among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of friendly gossip, the goat praised him.

"Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and by the manes of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry ba—a—a!" And the lion bleated his best in mockery, but bleated far from well.

"Nay," said the dear, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough till I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and, with all his skipping, gets over very little ground."

"It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing—and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and, in politeness to the new comer, offered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted, and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

So the beasts criticised the lamb, each in his own way; and yet it was a good lamb, nevertheless.—*Charles Dickens.*

The Small Bonnets.

The ladies must not suppose that the small size of the bonnets at present in vogue is wholly without a parallel. Even if it be "a rosebud fastened with two straws," the women of yore have had them quite as diminutive. There is in the Taunton Museum a head-dress more than a century old, very much like one of the present fashion. The bonnet itself is about the size of a small tea-saucer, constructed of fine lace—which was once white—with flowers of blue, white, and pale orange; and the strings are composed of rows of small circlets of lace joined at the edges, each containing a tiny bud in the centre. We have no evidence as to who the fair owner was, but she gives this account of her "duck of a bonnet:"—"Uncle George Goldfinch brought me from Paris, as a token of his love, a little cap, ruff, and collar, called a Bonnet Duc d'Acquitaine, January 19, 1755."

Fight Between Wasps and Rats.

A couple of farm servants on a plantation in the southern part of Alabama, who had been asleep in a loft of a large barn, were awakened one morning recently by a great commotion in the hay-mow beneath them, and on looking down, saw a scene which, probably is without a parallel. Swarming in through an open window was a perfect cloud of wasps, who were attacking a young army of rats, whose squealing had aroused the two farm hands. The rats stood upon their hind legs, in a perfect paroxysm of rage and fear, and gnashed their teeth at the wasps, who stung them remorselessly. The bodies of the rats were terribly swollen by the poison of the insects, and in their rage and fury they turned and bit each other. The hay-loft was strewn with the dead bodies of the rats, until at last the survivors fled from the scene and left the wasps masters of the situation.

A PISTOL PLANT.—A few evenings ago the librarian of the Long Island Historical Society was startled by the report of a pistol in the book alcoves. He made search, but discovered nothing, and at the time no other person was in the rooms. The next day the assistant librarian heard a similar report, and a close investigation revealed the cause. An exhibitor had placed in the rooms a case of tropical plants, among which was the pistol plant, which is a sort of nut. At a certain stage of its growth the shell of this bursts with violence, and with a sharp sound exactly resembling the report of a pistol. The shivered shells of these were found in the bottom of the case.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

POLITICAL.—General Grant's majority in Alabama is about 4,200. The Congressional delegation stands three Republicans and three Democrats.

The official return of the vote of New Hampshire shows 7,163 majority for Gen. Grant. The proposition for a State Constitutional Convention was defeated by 127 votes.

General Grant was impartial in his distribution of favors in New York. He dined with Pierrepont, War Democrat; breakfasted with Greeley, Radical, and dined again with Hoffman, Democrat, at a dinner given in honor of Evarts, Johnson Republican. "Let us have peace."

—It is stated that General McMahon (the new ambassador to Paraguay) and Rear Admiral Davis have been instructed to demand reparation of Lopez, the Paraguayan Dictator, for his outrageous seizure of American citizens. Mr. Washburne, the late ambassador, had his passports given him by Lopez, and two Americans under his protection were seized in the street. Lopez accuses them and the Minister of conspiring with his enemies.

—A man in North Carolina wagered two gallons of tar against a quart of brandy that he could drink the brandy and then walk to his home, a mile distant, before becoming insensible. He drank the brandy, walked half the distance, and then sank down, saying, "Boys, I've lost the bet," and instantly expired.

—The Des Moines Register says that the grasshoppers recently ate up half an acre of tobacco for a man near that place, and when the owner went out to look at it, they sat on the fence and squirted tobacco juice at him. Doubtful.

—San Francisco is overrun with fleas of huge size, and elegant "back scratchers," in ivory, it is said, are a common ornament of the parlor table.

—During the recent session of the Protestant Episcopal Convention, the subject of prohibiting the marriage of divorced people being under discussion in the House of Bishops, the Right Rev. Dr. Clark stated that in Rhode Island divorces were obtained for such slight causes as to imperil the morals of the whole community, and stated that men actually sold their wives—mentioning an instance of a man selling his wife for ten thousand dollars. "Are such transactions common in your diocese?" inquired a brother Bishop. "Not at that price," promptly responded Bishop Clark.

—The eruption of Vesuvius on the 19th, was increasing in violence and grandeur.

—Letters from Rome report that the Roman Government has come to a favorable understanding with the Emperor Napoleon in regard to Italy.

—A remarkable account is given in a late English paper of the escape of a convict from prison. The cell in which he was confined had an iron door, with a lock entirely on the outside. The only implements the prisoner had were a spoon, some bits of wire and a needle and thread. Out of the spoon he made a key; by means of the needle he passed a thread over and under the door; bits of wire were pushed through the inspection hole and fastened to this long thread extending outside from top to bottom. The key was also pushed through, and being fastened to the thread, was brought opposite the keyhole by dexterous manipulation of the slender line, worked gently in, then turned by means of the wire, and the door was opened. This is certainly one of the greatest exhibitions of skill and patience on record.

—The Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum was burned on Wednesday night week, and six of the female inmates were smothered to death.

—Hon. Schuyler Colfax was married to Miss Nellie Wade, on Wednesday of last week.

—On "earthquake day" in San Francisco, two thousand telegraphic messages were sent East.

—A heavy shock of earthquake was felt at Millertown, Trenoe county, California, November 5. The wall of the court-house was badly cracked, and the waters of San Joaquin river were disturbed. A slight shock was also experienced at Austin, Nevada, November 7.

—A letter is published from Garibaldi, urging Spain to choose a Dictator for two years, and then to establish a republic. (The Dictator probably would have something to say to that.)

—Chief Justice Chase is expected in Richmond, Va., on Monday, to open the fall term of the U. S. Circuit Court. It is not known what disposition will be made of the case of Jefferson Davis, which will come before the Court.

—The Treasury Ring at Washington, it is asserted, relentlessly pursue any member of Congress, no matter what his politics may be, who ventures to interfere with its schemes, and in only a few instances has failed to defeat the re-election of the honest Congressman.

THE MONEY MARKET.—Money is comparatively plenty again at New York. In the recent Erie "corner," Daniel Drew is said to have lost a million and a-half of dollars; Belmont two hundred thousand; and others of their "ring" in proportion. Regular traders have also been injured through the operations of the New York stock gamblers, through the whole country.

☞ Ill-nature is not natural. People who have it are out of balance. To a certain extent to be ill-natured is to be out of sense. To some people this condition may not be observed, inasmuch as they have a kindred out. People who have a good circulation are never ill-natured. Circulation is a healthy thing to have about you. When it is defective we sour; when it is stopped we die. The latter is inconvenient to business people; the former isn't pleasant to your friends. Ill-nature is of course sick nature. Sickness, according to physiologists, is sin; and sin is wickedness. Ill-natured folks will please bear these few feeble reflections in mind.

☞ The hair of James Ferguson, of Buffalo, a worker in copper, has, it is said, turned perfectly green.

☞ A firm in Portland, Me., has manufactured 24,000 planchettes this season.

☞ The London streets, placed in a single straight line, would reach from Liverpool to New York. It takes 300,000 street lamps to illuminate London.

☞ In the cause of medical science Dr. Lespiand lately inoculated himself with virus from the tubercles of a consumptive lung, and Dr. Decroix ate raw cutlets from a sheep that had died from hydrophobia. Nothing happened to the former, but Dr. Decroix had a lively time.

Coffee as a Deodorizer.

A late number of the Journal of Chemistry speaks in high terms of the value of coffee as a deodorizer for the neutralizing of foul odors that emanate from organic bodies in a state of decay, as it can be used to advantage where other disinfecting agents would be inadmissable. In cases where rats die in the spaces between the floors of dwellings, the intolerable odor arising therefrom can be most effectually removed by placing a pound or two of fresh burnt and ground coffee between the floors. For the purification of a sick room it is incomparably superior to burning rags, as it has a beneficial chemical action on the atmosphere of the room, and gives besides, an agreeable perfume.

A CALIFORNIA INCIDENT.—The following from a late California paper is peculiarly Californian: "A few days since a couple of gentleman residing in Gibsonville, Plumas, who were expecting their wives from the East, went to La Porte to meet them. When the stage arrived there were several ladies among the passengers, but the men aforesaid were sadly disappointed in not recognizing their loved ones among the number, and went back home expecting to go down again the next day, but much to their surprise, when the stage went to Gibson the next morning, it carried their looked-for wives. They saw each other at La Porte, but failed to recognize one another; and strange to relate, one couple had been separated only eight months."

☞ When Rothschild heard that the head of the Agnade family was dead, "How much does he leave?" he asked. "Twenty millions." "You mean eighty." "No, twenty." "Dear me! I thought he was in easy circumstances," remarked the modern Crœsus.

☞ A SINGING CHICKEN.—The Bangor Whig says a lady in that city has among her chickens one which sings a little song resembling the notes of a young canary. It sings mostly at night after going to roost, but sometimes sings during the daytime.

☞ A Methodist church in the West asked the conference to send it a single man as a minister. The request was granted, but the designated pastor stopped on the way and got married.

☞ Many of the postage stamps that have recently arrived in Paris on letters from Spain had the Queen's head punched out of them, so that Her Most Catholic Majesty will soon be out of print as well as out of place.

☞ The business men of Laramie, more moral than the people of many new western towns, "keep Sunday." They close their places of business and go about hunting suspicious persons, whom they forthwith hang to telegraph poles.

☞ Last week a foundling was left on a door-step in Westville, Conn., and now, the parents having been married, they want back the baby. The kindly gentleman who took it in says they may have it for $150.

☞ Carved wooden mantlepieces and panelling are all the rage in England just now. An old carved work of former ages, taken from demolished houses, brings fabulous prices.

☞ Two rival belles meet at a hop. "How well you look under candle-light!" exclaimed one, with a stress on the candles. "And how charming you are in the dark!" answered the other.

☞ Gen. Sheridan tells some tall buffalo stories. He says that he saw, two weeks ago, a herd of buffalo ninety-five miles long, twenty-five miles wide, which must have contained three hundred thousand buffalo.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been moderately active. About 10,000 bbls sold at $5,75@6,50 for superfine; $6@7,50 for extra; $8@10 for Pennsylvania extra family; $9@10,75 for Ohio and Indiana extra family; and $11@13,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. 400 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $7,50@8.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 20,000 bus of red sold at $2,10@2,12 for prime, $2@2,05 for fair to good, and $1,85@1,95 for common. Rye—4000 bus sold at $1,48@1,50 for Pennsylvania and Western, and $1,40 for Southern. Corn—25,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,10@1,20; 18,000 bus of old yellow at $1,14@1,20; 2000 bus of new white at 80@85c; 2000 bus old white $1,15@1,18; and 25,000 bus of new yellow at 86@98c ₱ bus, as to condition. Oats—About 50,000 bus sold, it lots, at 68@72c for Pennsylvania and Western; and 50@65c ₱ bus for light Pennsylvania and Southern.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 800 bales of middlings sold at 24@24½c for Uplands, and 24½@25c for New Orleans.

BARK—60 hhds of 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $42,50 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 42@43c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2@4 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit; sales of Apples at 5½@11c, Peaches at 15@15½c for halves, 9½@10½c for quarters, and 15@25c ₱ lb for *pared*.

PROVISIONS—Prices same as last week.

SEEDS—1000 bus Cloverseed sold at $7@7,50; Timothy at $2,85@2,77, and Flaxseed at $2,60.

WOOL—The market has been more active. Sales of 260,000 lbs at 55c for extra; 52½c for fine; 51c for one-half blood; 50c for one-quarter blood; 45@47c for common; 60@62c for tub, and 32@35c ₱ lb for unwashed.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2300 head. The prices realized from 8@9 cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₱ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 4@7c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 12,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Why Plaster the Hair with grease? Burnett's Cocoaine is not greasy or sticky, and is acknowledged by the fashionable public to be the most elegant and fragrant beautifier of the hair in the world.

Burnett's Kalliston is an effectual beautifier of the skin.

Burnett's Florimel is a delightful perfume.

Burnett's Extract Celery improves soups, meats and gravies.

Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy has wonderful power even over the worst cases of asthma or phthisic.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is working wonderful cures in rheumatism. Where every other remedy fails, this inestimable salve takes hold, penetrates to the very core, removes every particle of inflammation and effects a complete cure.

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-18t

Don't Get Cheated, Look Out.

Get pint bottles, $1, in white wrappers—Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, for it cures Catarrh. Wolcott's PAIN PAINT cures pain, all kinds, and heals all sores without stain or smart. nov21-3t

The Colton Dental Association

Originated the anæsthetic use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, administer it in the most approved manner, do nothing but EXTRACT TEETH, and they certainly do that without pain. So 11,000 patients testify. See their signatures, at the Office,

No. 737 WALNUT STREET,
Below Eighth.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar5-cow1f

You may be Too Late.

Be warned in time. Diseases like Indigestion and Dyspepsia are not to be trifled with. There is such a thing as being *too late* in these matters. Inflammation, or Scirrhus Cancer, or some other dangerous disease may ensue, when all restoratives, no matter how potent, would be ineffectual. Do not delay then. When the symptoms of Dyspepsia are first experienced resort at once to the great restorative medicine, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and you will be safe.

But few disorders involve greater suffering, and, if not in itself immediately dangerous, it is the source of many deadly maladies. Even if it did not tend to greater evil, the mental and physical misery it produces is alone a sufficient reason why no pains should be spared to prevent or cure it. In no country on the face of the globe is it so completely domesticated as in our own, where it is found in nearly every household. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are universally conceded to be the sovereign remedy for this annoying disease, as they act directly upon the digestive organs, correct and tone the stomach, and give renewed vitality to the system. Acting delightfully upon the nerves and soothing the brain, renders them efficacious as a mental medicine, as well as a genial stomachic. If taken as a preventive, they will be found particularly well suited to the diseases arising from the unhealthy season of autumn, and their use will prevent the creeping, unpleasant sensation often complained of when the chills are stealing slowly upon the patient. nov7-4t

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 225, Boston, Mass. je27-tf

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 66, 68, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb28-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., assisted by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, WILLIAM McK. MERVINE, of Milton, Pa., to BESSIE S., daughter of the late R. P. King, Esq., of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM J. FINLEY, of the Eighteenth Ward, to Miss SALLIE ANDERSON.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOSEPH B. SLAUGHTER to Miss ANNA V. BAKER, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, of Wilmington, to Miss MARY S. KIDD, of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Irwin, Mr. THOMAS SEWELL to Miss JULIA A. WALKER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, FLORENCE F. RUDMAN, in her 17th year.

On the 16th instant, CHARLES BARTHOLOMEW, in his 44th year.

On the 16th instant, JOHN CHAMBERLIN, in his 76th year.

On the 15th instant, ELIZABETH KETTERING, in her 88th year.

On the 16th instant, CHARLES G. HINKLE, in his 49th year.

On the 14th instant, ANN MAYBERRY, in her 67th year.

On the 14th instant, MARION H. BROWN, aged 20 years.

On the 13th instant, HENRY I. PRINCE, in his 63d year.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM H. KISTERBOCK, aged 43 years.

BY THE PEACH-TREE WALL.

Where the manor-house garden is tangled the most,
By the door in the peach-tree wall,
You bid me farewell—for an hour, as you thought—
But we parted for once and for all.

Through the long white glare, how the peonies flamed,
In the noon of the July day,
As you crossed the grass with the gold on your hair,
And the crickets leaped up where they lay.

The sun-flowers unwinking, looked straight at the south,
And the hollyhocks stood tall;
And the butterflies wavered brown, azure, and red,
In the hush by the peach-tree wall.

After midsummer days with never a night,
Came the winter, the chill, and the rain,
When the hollyhocks' life was asleep in the ground,
Till the peach blossoms flowered again.

And the wearisome months of waiting in vain,
Ever stealing my youth from me,
Ever straining my eyes through the darkness,
Ever stretching my arms o'er the sea.

For the fire of that sultry summer sun
Has burned down so deep in my heart,
Though years and the autumn bring calmness, my dear,
I am scarce now content to part.

For still when the July noons are come,
And the hollyhocks grow tall,
I walk and dream dreams as we dreamed, my dear,
Under the peach-tree wall.

When the passionate life-strife is over,
The folly, the chill, and the pain,
A shadow, in shadowless noontide,
Perhaps I may walk here again.

THE WHITE GIRL OF THE RIDGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN BEGINS LIFE AS A GENTLEMAN.

Up and at work bright and early, Rosie managed to get through her tasks in good time to set off with John for town with a prospect of being back again before dark. John took notice before they started, of the care and attention she bestowed on the children's plays, that they might keep them within doors during her absence; and to Marry Ann she gave strict charge concerning their welfare.

"You'll mind that Peter stays out ov the draught, dear, and keep Kitty and Tim in with him; he has a cold, and would have his death if he ran out in the sharp air."

This was an unusual precaution, as her son knew, for little Peter's cold was so slight as to be scarcely noticeable, and he felt convinced that without alarming the children, she was determined to keep them in-doors, and out of the way of the "white girl" or Jane Burtis.

When they reached the McEwing Mansion, John could not choose but observe some sudden trepidation on the part of his mother, who begged him to pause a moment with his hand on the bell-pull.

"For I want to take breath after the long walk, you see," she said.

"Seeing that it was more embarrassment than weariness, John smilingly rallied her on her timidity and disconcertedness.

"I must laugh at you now, mother," he said, "for you always seem so much at ease that a little flurry in you is funny—and you look so well, too," he added, admiringly.

Miss Sarah was at home, as she had promised, and kind and cheerful as she always was. She made them welcome as few could do so well, and gave them a sense of ease that was a reflection of her own bright warmth of manner.

"And now, as you know, I didn't send for you just to look at you, and say how do you do," she went on; "I'll relieve your minds, (I see you're both puzzled to think what I'm going to say,) by talking at once. Rosie, you know I like you and yours, and mean always to be a sincere friend to you; and you, John, know I've tried to help you a little and make you help yourself a great deal towards the education of a gentleman. I believe in being well born, and don't mind acknowledging to you that my reliance in your good blood helped to give me an interest in you. I know part of your story, the rest will tell itself one day; and now I am going to offer you the chance of becoming what you were born to be and will necessarily be some day—a gentleman."

John's brow flushed crimson, but he bit his lip nervously and glanced towards his mother.

She looked calmly and meekly on the ground, only her face was very white, and she changed her position a little restlessly at his glance.

"You must speak yourself," cried Miss Sarah, decidedly, "I don't want Rosie to say one word now."

"Why then," said John, bursting forth with vehemence, "if you'll excuse me, Miss McEwing, I don't care to be rated back any farther than my mother's knowledge of me. And I hope and trust in God I shall always be a gentleman—"

"You're a hasty one now," said the lady; "stop awhile and think before you speak. I take it for granted that you love Rosie here dearly; and that you have every reason to do so. I only want you to listen to what I propose, which is a plan for the comfort and ultimate happiness of both.

Rosie raised her eyes to the speaker's face and regarded her with deep attention. John bowed apologetically and disposed himself to listen quietly. Miss McEwing went on—

"I said, I believed in the superiority of well-born people; but I did not say that I had no interest in humble life. I will make you a scholar and a gentleman; but I never meant to neglect my good friend here and her little family. This is what I will do. I mean to be methodical and save time and bother. I will place you, John, at college, then send you abroad, and when you return you shall chose your own path, and I will make it a bright one. I will give you my name until you can claim your own, and you will look on me in any light you please. I shall always be your firm, true friend. Rosie and her children shall live where they will, it is better that they should be where I can see them once in a while, they shall be cared for in their different needs, and when the boys are old enough they shall be taught such trades as their mother's wisdom shall decide on as best. This you must understand—your path lies another way—"

"Then I will never walk in it," said John, quietly, but with a determination that no amount of sound could increase. "Such gentle birth as you are pleased to say I can claim, I totally and entirely resign; if I had parents, they forsook me; if I belonged to people of quality, they were base enough to do me wrong. Whoever I was born to—this woman is my mother; doubly so, since she was not bound by Heaven to love and succor me. Every hair of her head is sacred in my eyes; if I had twenty lives and gratitudes, I'd give them all to her. And for her and hers, I'd labor and strive to gain any end, that without her smile could have no triumph to me when attained. I'm a bold boy and an ungrateful, to speak so, you think. Forgive me, and remember what I owe this mother of mine, that God only knows how dearly I love. If to be a gentleman I must turn my back on her, I'll go down to my grave a clown; but I don't think it is, Miss McEwing; and for this once I must boast; we are going to climb up together, my mother and I, and nothing shall keep us back. Next to my love and gratitude to her, my respect and gratitude to you inspire me; you have done so much for me, that I am in duty bound to do the rest; and begging your pardon very humbly for my rough way of meeting your large generosity, my mother and I will say God bless you for all the kind things you've done for us, and go."

Rosie raised her eyes; they were streaming with tears, and her whole frame quivered from the suppression of her feelings.

"Oh, miss," she cried, "don't call me selfish or say I swayed him. I niver spoke a word, and it all came from his own heart where the feeling is. I've heard and read ov thim that could freely give up all, and make every sacrifice to advance them they loved; it's beautiful, but my heart is too strong or too wake for it, I don't know which—and I want to kape my boy. God be praised he wants to stay, but I'll not kape him back; sure I'd give my very life to hilp him up, though I couldn't lose it in parting with him; and if you think we're poor and mane, and that our coarse, common ways will be drags to prevint his being a splended gentleman, sure we'll polish oursilves and kape pace with him; it will maybe make the journey a bit longer, and the race a bit harder; but with the wings ov love, and the light ov constancy to guide us, we'll all win yet."

"Hush, Rosie, woman, why do you talk so wildly; sit down, and listen to reason. I believe in nothing that is untried. Now I understand you both."

Miss McEwing said this so coolly, and followed up her remarks by blowing her nose and wiping her eyes in such a matter-of-fact way, that her excited visitors were fain to pause astonished. Presently she proceeded, with no change of countenance, but an added brightness in her eyes.

"Yes of course I was trying you; it's a troublesome business this dealing with people you don't understand; like starting out on a journey without directions, it's not only the bother of coming back again disappointed, to ask what you should have known before you started, but it loses time, and destroys the zest of the object. I find you both have the sort of blood I believe in. Rosie, I never doubted, but a young mind is not so reliable; a shade less of determination and pride, and I should even question you, John—as it is, I accept your decision as the truth of your inmost soul. Now, where shall we begin?"

The young man, with a bewildered sense of scarcely hearing aright, but yet with a glow of pleasure in the tone that bespoke no anger at his boldness, cried out tremulously,

"My dear, dear lady, I am more happy than I can tell you that you are still our friend. It seemed terrible to me that in being true to my mother, I must appear ungrateful to you. Thank you a thousand times for understanding me, only remember I should have said the same, if you had not."

"That is what I think, or I shouldn't believe in you at all," replied the lady shortly, "but I asked you, where shall we begin?"

The question was so new in its present form, implying the interest of a powerful friend in the process, that John glanced at his mother, quite incapable of giving a ready answer. Rosie hesitated a moment, and Miss McEwing laughed.

"Now, Rosie O'Connell," she cried, "you know in your heart you have a plan for the future; you never were without one in your life, so pray let us hear it, and decide on its feasibility."

Rosie flushed a little, and began—

"Indeed, Miss, it may be but a foolish thought, but as you say, I do be busy at times thinking what will be best to do next, and this came by chance as a body may say; at least I looked into the papers like to see if anything was likely to turn up, and there I sees a mention ov a lady and servant wishing country lodging in a decent, quiet family, with the privilege of being at home as to little things. It wasn't just put that way, but I took the maning, and wint into the hotel where the direction was, and there I found a sweet and gentle woman, up in years, and very wakely in health, that had had troubles ov her own, you could see by her face, but with the manners ov an angel ov patience and goodness. She had a lively rattling kind of maid, that was none too young either, and they had travelled together, and wandered about in search of strength for the lady this many a year, but all in vain. I told her, Miss, what a plain place we had, but that I could spare her two good rooms, and give her waiting and attendance too. She took to my offer whin I thought she would want more, and had just given up the idea ov suiting her, and says she, I have furniture and things ov my own, all I want is a quiet, cheerful place, with pleasant ganial people near me, and I'll come and see you to-morrow. Well, Miss, she came out about an hour before John came home yesterday, and was delighted intirely with everything. I told her I had a kind friend that took an interest in me and mine, and after spaking with her, I'd give her an answer. I'm telling you now, Miss, and the price she offers is three times the worth ov the work, and her manners and breeding will be the making of the childer, and do me no harm; that was what I had in my mind, you see."

Saying this, Rosie laid a little card before Miss McEwing. It held the lady's name, Mrs. Warren, and a reference to a clergyman whom she knew.

"That's very satisfactory, Rosie," said the lady after a little pause, "but I had thought you would leave the Ridge, it's but a lonely place, and far away, too."

Rosie showed slight signs of confusion as she answered—

"Yes, Miss, I know, but you see we will be the better of a little chance to larn something, and to thim that had no early opportunity, it's a good thing to be near thim that's better informed, and I have a raison ov my own for staying, if you please, Miss."

"And John," hinted Miss McEwing.

"Ah, John will be able to begin with the advance money," she answered. "Didn't I tell you that, Miss. Well, the lady is to give me three months pay to start with, and that's the part ov it I like best, for with what I have put by me, and that together, John can go to college, and the writing he's found for himself, will kape him going a while."

"And the house and family will be kept on nothing meantime," suggested Miss McEwing.

Rosie laughed and blushed.

"Well, Miss," she confessed, "you bring me all out it seems, and I must just tell you I can get plenty for that from the mending and blenching ov lace work from a store where I saw such things naded once, and made a bargain to do it. Its just play to me, and kapes me from thinking over my sorror. An aunt of mine, that was educated at the Moravians, teached me the stitch long ago, and I niver minded about it till I was looking for something to fill up my time one day, and the sight ov the old laces brought it back to me."

"Well, John, this mother of yours needs no aid but her own busy head and hands, it seems, so we'll let her take her own way, and go on. This which I am going to say, is a strict matter of business. I know of a certain amount of property which will come to you by right in a few years—it is not very large, but quite sufficient to afford you an income something beyond your mother's hard wrought for gold."

"Which, I beg you to believe, I never could have taken to be at ease on, while she was striving so," interrupted John.

"This money is not directly available, and so I will advance it, to be repaid faithfully, you understand, when it is."

"I do not understand its existence," said John, earnestly. "God knows how thankfully I would catch at anything rightfully mine, for all our sakes; but, dear Miss McEwing, how can this be?"

Miss McEwing leaned back in her chair and folded her hands resolutely.

"*It is*," she answered sententiously, and that's all I mean to say about it till the time comes for more to be proper. When will you begin, after Christmas?"

He stood irresolute, glancing first at his mother, then at the kind clear eyes of his friend.

"When do you begin, John O'Connell," she repeated, "when do you begin to be the man, the intelligence heaven has given you designs you for? When shall you start out on that course, that rightly and steadily pursued, will lead you to honor, and the power of repaying ten-fold the favors and bounties of love and kindness? When will you begin, my boy, to make two women happy, whose pride and hope lie on you, a precious burden that you must bear carefully, and bring back unwasted and untarnished?"

She rose and took his hand in hers, while Rosie caught the other.

"I'm not worth all this feeling," he stammered, completely mastered by its expression, "but with God's help I'll try to be, and I'll begin this moment."

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS MCEWEN GOES ON A JOURNEY.

Mrs. Warren was a middle-aged widow, of some means, and constitutionally ailing. Her husband had been an officer in the navy, and had died while still young, of a malarious fever caught off the coast of Africa. She had had three children, who all died in infancy, and now, after wandering about from one spot to another after pure air and healthy locations, had returned to her native city, where she had but few, and those few distant living relatives, determined to make it her home once more. At first she had planned to purchase a homestead in the suburbs, where she might surround herself with pleasant associations that would make her life of suffering more tolerable, but Nannie, the woman who for years had been her attendant and companion, possessed sufficient influence over her to prevail on her to try boarding in an out of town place, before she made an irretrievable purchase. She was a gentle, yielding sort of a lady, clinging strongly to human sympathy and association, and although apt to despond and complain, by no means impatient or irascible. She was in a measure given to literature, but most especially to poetry, and had a not unpleasing way of soothing her own pain by long recitations from her favorites. Having but few friends, her love centred in her memories, and being religiously inclined, a strong faith in a heavenly reunion made some of her aspirations sublime. Her woman, the never tiring and merry humored Nannie, was an indispensable companion, and next to her as a close associate, ranked a gray cat of sombre countenance, much given to sleep and the securing of a soft bed.

About a week after Rosie's interview with Miss McEwing, the lady, her servant and cat became inmates of the cottage at the Ridge, then with but little out-door attractiveness, since the trees were gaunt and leafless, and the groves of bushes but a bare and spectral hedge. In-doors much of improvement was visible. The rooms on one side the hall were furnished anew completely and tastefully; good comfortable couches and easy chairs, fine carpets and curtains transformed the front chamber into a pleasant parlor, with a glowing hearth fire to light up its cheerful aspect; the adjoining room made a commodious bed-room, with a sofa couch in the small room beyond for Nannie. Rosie had taken Mary Ann and Kitty into her chamber, and the boys' room was embellished with chairs and tables, and a new chest of drawers beside the bedstead they had waited for so long. The sitting-room was especially renovated, and could no longer be recognized as the homely place in which Terry and his wife had taken their first meal at the cottage. It was to be made fit for the lady to dine in when she felt like joining the family, and to that end no pains were spared in its adornment. A sofa and sideboard made a large hole in Rosie's store of savings, but John had added the rest from his liberal allowance, and Rosie was now mistress of a household so genteel that imperceptibly her own manners and those of her children improved to be correspondingly elegant. Tim, Mary Ann and Kitty now went regularly to school, with lessons beside to Mary Ann on the piano and to Tim in architectural drawing, for his indefatigable mother discovering a bent that way, had managed to increase her income sufficiently to allow its cultivation.

John went to Yale, and his mother's heart went with him. The day before he started he had gone to the city to bid his patroness good-bye, and returning a little earlier than expected, found the poor soul in tears over the delicate lace work she was repairing.

"It's only folly," she explained, "and not heart sorrow; but oh, my darling boy, I'll miss you. I could tell the hour of your return by the bating of my own heart better than all the clocks that ever were made, and it will be a long day to me that don't bring it—never heed me, dear, I'll get used to it, and your letters will be my life and joy."

"They'll never fail you, mother," said John, and he clasped her around the neck and laid his head on her breast as if he had been a little child.

Rosie calculated rightly in thinking the refining influence of Mrs. Warren would benefit them all. Little Peter, attracted by the great cat, peeped into her parlor, and was induced to enter and make himself at home with the bribe of some pretty thing from the lady's work-basket, and from that moment his chief aim was to mount on the sofa cushions and look at the pictures she kindly showed him, and hear her tell stories about what they meant. Rosie was greatly distressed at first lest this awakening intelligence on her son's part should be attended with trouble to her lodger, but Nannie assured her that her mistress took a delight in children, and it was well that she did, since it lifted her heart from fidgetting about herself.

This same Nannie was a bright-eyed, fresh, rosy, lively creature, that might have been any age from want of beauty and freckles, and young enough, to judge from her vivacious spirit.

"You're gay and careless ov trouble, ma'am," said Rosie, the first day of her residence at the cottage.

"Why not to be sure," cried Nannie, laughing. "There's nothing repays you so ill for keeping it and feeding it as trouble. I've lived long enough to find out that the sooner you turn your back on it and kick it out of doors the more thanks you'll get for it afterwards."

"There's some kinds, woman dear, that you can't shut your heart against so easily," said Rosie, smiling. "I think it's a sign that yours was light come and light go, that you talk as you do."

"I've seen trouble," said Nannie, seriously; "but though I don't forget it, I put it away like a picture that I don't take out once in a year to look at, but I always know I have it by me."

She was making a custard for her mistress's dessert, while Rosie was arranging the rest of the dinner. She paused in beating up the eggs and said thoughtfully, as she watched the drops of foam drop slowly from the end of her wooden spoon, "But you're right in one thing, Mrs. O'Connell, I never had much sorrow of my own that was all to myself, you know. I've had but little to lose in this world, and so haven't been broke with losses; but I've seen other people's grief and trouble, and I have a way of taking it to myself and worrying more than I could wish while it lasts."

"I shouldn't think, to look at you, that you know what sorrow meant," said Rosie, incredulously.

"Well, I'll te'l you some time about what I've seen other people go through, and you'll allow I know what it looks like," said Nannie.

There was a smell of something burning in the kitchen, and lest it should extend to the sitting-room, Nannie broke off to go and raise the kitchen window. As she did so, she started back and let it crash down again, without attempting to fasten it in place.

"Good gracious," she exclaimed, looking round in astonishment at Rosie, "do people start out of the earth round here? There's a woman at that window, or else it's her fetch and double, that I haven't seen this dozen years, and I thought she was dead."

Following the direction of her finger, Rosie ran and looked out. There was snow on the garden beds, but the paths had been cleared by Tim before he started for school that morning, and raking along the border with a little stick was Jane Burtis, too intent on the business in hand to look up.

"Do you know her?" asked Rosie of her new inmate.

"Well, I thought I did once; but now, after all, I may be wrong. Years make changes, and this woman looks just as the one I knew did nearly twenty years ago, which don't seem likely, does it?"

Nannie dismissed her astonishment and its occasion as coolly as she did anything else that annoyed her, and broke out laughing as she caught sight of a troubled glance in Rosie's eye.

"I declare, if you don't feel bothered," she cried. "You're a great deal too full of nerves for a thorough-bred Irish woman, if the bang of a window frame spoils your color that way."

"Pshaw," said Rosie, "it's your fancy; you've plenty ov it, when you make yourself believe that you see a person you know to be dead." It would appear from Rosie's tone that she was anxious to make the woman say more on the subject, and that odd as it was it contained some peculiar interest to her.

"That's a neighbor of ours," she went on, "a quare crayture, I think, who is always prowling and picking about our place as if she was looking for something she buried long ago."

Nannie continued silent.

"And she's given to odd fits of talking and sociability, though sometimes she won't offer you a word for weeks at a time." Anxious to find if her description tallied with or identified Nannie's recollection, Rosie watched her as she spoke.

But Nannie gave her mind and expression to the furtherance of the custard, and her face told nothing. Rosie was disappointed for a moment, but looking up and catching Nannie's glance of covert inquiry, when she thought herself unobserved, composed the least shade of annoyance out of her own countenance, saying to herself as the waiting woman left the kitchen in obedience to her mistress's summons,

"She is no careless, rattling soul, but a deep enough piece. Sure, I was nearly deceived in her, and thought I could find out all she knew of you riddle, Jane Burtis, without giving a thought as to how I tried to question her."

After that day Jane Burtis was seen no more about the garden or wandering under the windows of the cottage, and Nannie never alluded to her again in the cheerful snatches of talk she held with the mistress of the house. Rosie's hands were full of business, she had gained the great wish of her life, instruction of the better kind for her children, and to keep them in presentable form to receive it, gave her many an hour's employment outside of all her other avocations.

Mrs. Warren had noticed Mary Ann's voice, and expressed herself so delighted with it that a sort of forgotten interest in music revived in her at the sound. She remembered having been quite a performer in her own day, and determined to buy a cottage piano, on which she could accompany the young skylark, as she called her. Inwardly Rosie gloried in this decision, she knew how soon Mary Ann would catch the quiet, gentle sweetness of the sick-lady's manner through close association, and she hailed with joy an entertainment that would keep Kitty spell-bound as a listener, instead of being harnessed and driven through the hall as Peter's fractious steed, as she had of late days taken to after school hours. Mary Ann, who was her mother's own daughter, saw her opportunity, and benefitted by it in every way in her power; she took to reading under Mrs. Warren's direction, and astonished her mother by the stores of knowledge thus acquired. A part of her lessons were no longer paid for by the mending and washing of the master's children. John had prevented and provided for that; and Rosie's sole work, beside the duties of her household, was the mending and making up of lace.

Once in two weeks, accompanied by one of the children, she made a visit to Miss McEwing, generally little Peter had been her companion on these occasions, but one day, two or three months after John's departure, she took Mary Ann with her to purchase a bonnet, with a present sent from him for her birthday.

Miss McEwing was so surprised in the work of little more than six months in the manner and appearance of the young girl, that she gave a look of delighted surprise as she entered, exclaiming heartily,

"Why, Rosie, she does you credit, and has improved enough to astonish any one. So here's a letter from the dear boy, and a noble one it is, as it should be coming from him."

Then Rosie told of Mrs. Warren's kindness, and of the piano lessons at home, and Miss McEwing listened interested, and approving, and inquired after Tim's progress, and little Kitty and Peter's health, with an expression sufficiently tender to satisfy even a mother's heart. Then she began to astonish Rosie by saying.

"This is the last time we shall see each other for quite a while, so I wrote to you not to fail in coming. I am going away for a while, how long I cannot say, but I trust not so long as I dread."

Rosie looked anxiously at the lady, but waited for farther encouragement before speaking.

"You know," she continued, her face changing color, and her brow contracting as she spoke, "I have had a sorrowful story—every one must know of such trouble, it cannot be hidden it seems. Well, Rosie, as we are *friends*, you should know that my journey is not a pleasant one, that it refers to that—and makes me shudder to recall what I must recall in going over the terrible ground again."

Rosie's face was full of eager but uncertain purpose.

"Oh, miss," she exclaimed, then paused at a loss to choose the form of words for what she wished to say. Miss McEwing was already changed in appearance, her whole expression had altered in speaking, and the unsettled glitter that Rosie dreaded began to flicker in her eyes.

"If you would but come out to our house and—and—see," stammered Rosie.

The lady's face was completely changed—it was convulsed and ghastly white.

"See," she cried in a tone that was a suppressed shriek. "I have seen too much. Not there, no—no—anywhere but there, I would rather go down into an open grave than into that cottage on the Ridge."

Mary Ann had stepped into another parlor at Miss McEwing's suggestion before she began to speak, on pretence of trying the piano. A few uncertain notes had reached them while they were talking, but now a full burst of melody strangely unlike that awakened by the hand of a novice, swept in upon them with a wild, sad sweetness in its tone, that caught the excited mind of the lady captive, and she listened spell-bound, while every hard line softened, and her face resumed its wonted calmness.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly as the lingering tones died away. "Whose soul breathed its strength into such heavenly sorrow?"

Rosie watched her quietly and critically.

"Then I haven't been going too far on a poor foundation," she said, with a sigh of relief. "The child has genius, and you fale it."

Quiet, self-possessed mother that she usually was, she read in the disbelieving glance of the listener's eye a triumph for her child, and great tears of pride rolled glittering down her cheeks. She wiped them away hastily, and recovering herself at once, added in a tone not to be disregarded,

"But I charge you do not praise her, let her see that you understand her playing, but for the life ov you don't flatter the fresh spirit ov innocent unconsciousness out ov her, there's nothing in art can aquil it if she was to study from now till eternity."

Mary Ann came back.

"Oh, it's beautiful to play on that piano, mother," she said; "the notes just find themselves, and it is so full of sweet sounds I can't help stringing them together."

"Then that was a tune ov your own making," said Rosie carelessly.

"Partly," acknowledged the girl blushing, "but it seemed to come naturally to me with every key I touched. I didn't know there could be such sweet-toned pianos."

"That one shall be yours, Mary Ann," said Miss McEwing kindly, and now completely restored to herself. "I am going away for a while, and shall like to think of it while I am gone giving you and others so much pleasure."

The girl uttered a cry of shrill delight and clapped her hands, but her mother looked gravely at the giver, saying,

"But, if you please, Miss Sarah, I think it would be too much, and John would feel so too, and I couldn't have the independence to come if you burdened us with gifts always."

Mary Ann's countenance fell, but Miss McEwing without any show of feeling either way simply nodded, saying,

"As you please—it is here, and you can come and play on it when you will."

Then she sighed heavily, and held out her hand to Rosie.

"Good-bye, good friend—a prayer from you would help any one's cause, give me one once in a while. I am going to search for a woman who will not be found by any common effort, because I think she can take a load off my heart that, as she used to say, I can always know is there, without looking at it."

Without another word she kissed the mother and daughter as if they had been her equals, and bidding God bless and keep them, dismissed them both.

As Rosie hurried homeward, for it was getting late, the words of the lady she had parted from came back again and again, not from anything peculiar in their meaning, but from a familiarity in their sound and expression that reminded her of something, she was unable to say what. It was quite late when they crossed the porch, and Nannie ready and good humored as she always was, had the table set and the kettle boiling for tea.

"If I had known what you thought of having for a relish, I'd have fixed it all," she said; "I know it puts a body out, to have to begin when they come home tired. I used to be a nice cook once, and I know enough to do pretty well even now, when I need to do it."

"You're so handy, Nannie, that I think you can take a hand at anything without coming off second best. I wish you'd show me how to do some of the dishes you make up for Mrs. Warren; it would be a favor, and you're so obliging that I make bold to ask it."

Nannie assented cheerfully and added,

"I wish I could find a roll of old receipts I have put away some where. I'm a great one to pick up as I go along; and I've learned a sight of things watching you already. I run and scribble down anything new—for though I'm not a prize-writer, I can make it out myself, and then I'm sure of it, you see."

Rosie laughed.

"I don't know what you could learn from me, Nannie," she said; "I've seen so little ov people and their different ways, that I always feel ignorant when I look at others."

Nannie paused as she went out to call her mistress to tea.

"I never saw anyone who made better oatmeal cakes, or could stew a chicken equal to you," she confessed. "I've learnt from watching you how to make good gravy and light buns, and to mind my own business, and keep a close tongue in my head."

"Why, Nannie," cried Rosie, with a suppressed laugh, "I'm sure that last don't apply to me at all; I think I'm always bothering folks about my ways and doings until they're tired of me."

Nannie gave a significant wink with her eye, and pursing up her mouth tightly, remarked—

"You're deep enough, never fear;" and retired to warn her mistress of the readiness of the meal.

"She's a quare soul," admitted Rosie to herself, as she worked away, "and gives me the character that belongs to herself; but there's nothing new in that; many's the one that I have seen do the same."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT TWILIGHT.

We sit by the window, my baby and I,
In the fading sunset light,
Watching the darkness creep over the sky,
Out of the Eastern night.
We see the stars come trembling out
In the track of the fallen sun,
And we feel the quiet, within and without,
That comes when the day is done.

What have we been doing all day, all day,
Since the rosy morning smiled?
Playing at work, and working at play,
God help us, mother and child;
But much I fear those little hands
Have put me to shame to-day;
For God, who is earnest, understands
Truly our work and play.

I think of kindness left undone,
That might have brightened the day;
Of duties dreamed of, but never begun,
Scattered along my way;
You lie with peace in your violet eyes—
You have not learned regret—
For the sorrowful years that make us wise
Have not come to my baby yet.

And still, as I sit in this twilight hour,
At the close of a weary day,
Even sorrow and sin not quite have power
To keep a blessing away—
A blessing that falls like the dew from heaven
On the parched and thirsty ground;
And in loving much, because much forgiven,
My deeper peace is found.

Your life, my baby, is just begun,
And mine is growing old;
But we're children both in the eyes of One
Whose years are all untold;
He holds us both in His loving hand,
He pardons all our sin,
And by-and-by, to the same sweet land
He will gently lead us in.

CONUNDRUM.—One of the young ladies who visited the United States ship Portsmouth, the other day, who was not supposed to have the slightest knowledge of nautical parlance, asked Captain Dornin why the aftermost sail of his ship was like a tyrannical mother.

The gallant captain scratched his head over it for a while, and then "gub it up."

"Because it's a spanker," modestly lisped the fair young creature, amid the applause of the epauletted sons of Neptune.

THE MODERN WAY.—*Intelligent Burglar*—Well, now look here—if there's no arrest, I'll give up half—that's ten thousand dollars—the other half I'll keep, for, hang it, I must have something for my trouble.

Detective—Oh, of course—and a very fair arrangement—and I'll take half the balance for my trouble, and the owner will be five thousand dollars better off than if he had arrested you.

☞ A story is told of a young lady, teacher at a Sunday-school, who, one or two Sundays ago, asked a youngster what was matrimony. He mistook the question for purgatory, and promptly answered, "A place or state of punishment in this life, where some souls suffer for a short time before they go to Heaven."

SOTAVENTO'S WAR DANCE.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOTAVENTO MAKES A MOVE.

We will now go back a little way, and return to one of our characters, whose part has hitherto been secondary, but whom events suddenly place almost in the first rank. In one of the preceding chapters we recounted how Sotavento, concealed in a closet, overheard Count de Melgosa's conversation with Don Annibal, and then with Father Pelagio Sandoval. When these three gentlemen had left the room, the worthy mayor-domo left his hiding-place, revolving in his brain projects whose result we shall soon witness.

Sotavento enjoyed his master's entire confidence. His employment as mayor-domo frequently compelled his absence from the house at all hours of the day and night, hence, instead of hiding his departure, it was an easy matter for him to leave the hacienda openly, and he often remained absent for days, while nobody dreamed of asking him to account for his conduct.

At the haciendas, the mayor-domo is generally entrusted with the inspection of the *capataces* and *caporales*, who govern the peons guarding the horses and cattle on the vast dependencies of the estate; we say vast because they frequently extend for a radius of five and twenty or *thirty* leagues round the hacienda. This surveillance is the more necessary because the vaqueros, left almost entirely to themselves, do not scruple to kill the oxen for the sake of selling the hides, or allow travellers to carry off the best horses in the manada for a trifling sum; all which, as may be supposed, is highly prejudicial to the interest of the owner.

Sotavento, after leaving the closet, went to the corral, lassoed his horse, saddled and led it into the patio. At the moment when he was about leaving the hacienda, he found himself face to face with his master, who, after leading his guest to the apartment prepared for him, was returning to take part in the conference of the conspirators.

"Are you going out, Sotavento?"

"Yes, mi amo," the latter answered, "I was informed this morning that several tigers have been seen in the Bajio de los Pinos, and that they have already caused great ravages among the ganado. I am going myself to see that the tigreros are about, and why they have not yet freed the country from these ferocious brutes, which are the more formidable because shearing time and the matanza del ganado are close at hand."

"That is true. I cannot understand the negligence of our tigreros, and yet, I think, they are paid handsomely for each jaguar skin?"

"Fifteen piastres, excellency."

"Pray, Sotavento, do not spare the rascals, but treat them as they deserve. It is really scandalous that, being paid so well, they display such negligence in the performance of their duty."

"You excellency can trust to me."

"I know, my friend," the haciendero answered, kindly, "how thoroughly you are devoted to me. When do you intend to return, for we shall want you here?"

"I know that, excellency, and hence I shall make haste. Still, as I must pass by the Cerro Azul, on my homeward route, to have a look at the large wood-felling you have ordered, I cannot be back till to-morrow night, or the next morning at the latest."

"Well, my friend, act for the best. I trust entirely to you."

Sotavento bowed to his master, who entered the house, and immediately quitted the hacienda. The day was nearly spent, the declining sun only emitted oblique rays, which were almost devoid of heat. The mayor-domo followed for some time at a moderate pace the route to the Bajio de los Pinos, but when the hacienda had disappeared behind a thick belt of trees, and the horseman no longer feared being watched by any curious person who had remained on the walls to notice his movements, he stopped, looked suspiciously around to make sure that he was really alone, bent over his horse's neck to catch the slightest sound that might strike his ear, and remained motionless for several minutes.

It is especially in the great American forests that our European proverb, with a slight modification, is perfectly applicable. We may say that the trees have ears, and the leaves eyes. The woodrangers are well aware of this; hence, unless they are at an entirely open spot, they generally speak low in monosyllables, or substitute signs for language. As for the mode of travelling in the forests, we have described it too often to require to dwell on it here.

This time Sotavento was alone. He saw nothing suspicious, and no extraordinary sound reached his ear. We purposely employ the expression "extraordinary sound," because, to a man accustomed to a forest life, all sounds have a meaning which he thoroughly knows, and about which he is never mistaken. Thus he can recognize the sighing of the wind among the leaves, the motion of the branch touched by a bird, the murmur of invisible water over pebbles, the rustling of a bush, or the undulation of the tall grass owing to the passage of wild beasts; the buzzing of the mosquitos over a pool, as well as many other sounds too numerous to mention here, such as the rolling of a stone detached from a mountain, or the footstep of a man on the dry leaves. This science, which it is difficult to learn thoroughly, requires sustained attention, lengthened experience, and, above all, well-tried patience, qualities only possessed by the Red Skins, and white men who have given up civilized life to lead a desert existence.

The mayor-domo, certain that he had no espionage to dread, drew himself up, settled down on his saddle and whispered to his horse the one word "Santiago," which, in the Spanish language, serves to excite a steed. He started at full speed, holding slightly to his right and insensibly approaching the river, whose yellow waters ran a short distance off between two low and sandy banks. On reaching the bank, the mayor-domo rode along it for two or three leagues, examining the ground with the most scrupulous attention, and apparently seeking some sign which he was unable to discover. At length he halted, and, after a momentary hesitation, entered the river and crossed it obliquely, having the water only up to his horse's chest in the deepest part. What the mayor-domo so long sought, and at length found, was a ford. Under other circumstances it is probable that Sotavento would not have hesitated to make his horse swim the river, but this time he had a long distance to go, and wished to save the animal's strength.

So soon as he reached the opposite bank, he started again at a gallop, continuing to follow the river and rapidly proceeding toward a forest which stood out on the horizon. On crossing the river, Sotavento had entered the territory of the independent Indians, which fact, however, did not appear at all to trouble him; on the contrary, his demeanor became bolder, and his eye was lit up with a savage gleam. The sun disappeared in a gold and purple mist at the moment when Sotavento reached the forest, which he entered without checking his horse's pace.

At length, after a ride which went on thus at a tremendous pace for at least four hours, the mayor-domo reached the foot of a rock covered with lichen and green moss, which stood alone in the centre of a considerable clearing, probably made by the Red Skins during their hunting excursions, in order to procure game more rapidly. This burning must have been recent, for the earth retained a black hue, and traces of fire were still visible all around.

Sotavento halted. Nothing checked the view for three or four leagues round, but all was bare and gloomy. Still the mayor-domo had no intention of stopping at this place, for, after allowing his horse to breathe for ten minutes, he whistled to it and started again at a gallop. This time he did not ride for more than three hours, but his horse was worn out and stumbled at every step. It was covered with perspiration, a thick steam escaped from its nostrils which dilated convulsively, and it panted fearfully. The mayor-domo was as cool and calm as when he left the hacienda. This man was of iron; neither fatigue nor heat had any power over him. For about an hour he had been riding in the darkness along scarcely traced paths, on which he guided himself as easily as if walking about the streets of a town in broad daylight. He at last reached a spacious clearing, where he halted and dismounted. His horse was scarce able to stand on its trembling limbs. The mayor-domo gave it a glance of pity.

"Poor Negro!" he muttered, as he patted it gently, "you are almost foundered."

He took off the bridle and raised the stirrups, but, before he left the horse at liberty to seek its forage, he carefully rubbed it down, and then gave it a gentle blow, saying—

"Go and rest, my good beast."

The animal rubbed its intelligent head against its master's shoulder, gave a glad neigh, and bounded off. The mayor-domo remained pensive for a moment, and then crossing the clearing, he entered the forest with a rapid step, but at the same time so light that the most practised ear could not have caught the sound he produced in treading the ground. After walking in this way for a few minutes, the mayor-domo entered a thicket, and raising two fingers of each hand to his mouth, he thrice imitated the cry of the owl with such perfection, that the birds perched above his head fled away in terror. Almost immediately a similar cry answered him a short distance off. Sotavento, without waiting any longer, quitted the thicket that sheltered him. A man rose before him. This man, as far as was possible to distinguish in the darkness, was an Indian. Sotavento was not at all surprised by this sudden apparition, which he probably expected. The Indian stood gloomy and silent before him.

"Does not my brother bid me welcome?" Sotavento said to him in the Comanche dialect.

"The Stag knows," the Indian answered, "that his brothers are delighted to see him. Why, then, say useless things?"

"Where is the tribe encamped at this moment?"

"Does not my brother see the yellow leaves falling? The Red Buffalos have withdrawn to their winter village."

"I thought so; that is why I pushed on here, instead of halting at the burnt clearing."

"My brother acted wisely."

"Are not the chiefs upon an expedition?"

"No, all the warriors and braves are assembled at the village."

"Good."

"Will not my brother accompany me to the chiefs?"

"I will follow my brother."

"The Stag can come then."

Without waiting for the mayor-domo's answer, the Indian turned away, and began walking at such a pace that any man but the one who accompanied him would doubtless have had great difficulty in keeping up with him. Sotavento soon saw the village watch-fires gleaming through the trees, and a few minutes later found himself with his guide among the irregular rows of huts. On seeing him, the women and children flocked up to him with cries of joy, and gave him unequivocal signs of sincere friendship. The mayor-domo briefly returned the congratulations offered him, and, followed by the crowd, proceeded to the council lodge, where the chiefs were still assembled, in spite of the lateness of the hour.

On setting foot in the village, Sotavento, so to speak, underwent a complete metamorphosis, all in him suddenly changed; and had it not been for his clothing, nobody would have taken him for a Mexican. He walked up to the entrance of the council lodge, where he stood respectfully waiting till he was addressed. The chiefs were smoking, gravely seated round a fire, whose flame played on their faces, and lit them up with fantastic reflections. The Indian who had acted as guide to the mayor-domo entered the lodge, and said a few words in a low voice.

"The Stag is the cherished son of the tribe," a grave voice replied; "the omnipotent Wacondah protects him; his presence among us is always hailed with joy. We heard the cries of the squaws and children who bade him welcome. Let him take the seat reserved for him at the council fire. What do my brothers, the sachems, say?"

The other chiefs bowed their heads in the affirmative, and Sotavento walked in, sat down, crossed his arms on his chest, and waited silently till his turn arrived to take part in the discussion.

"My brother White Crow will proceed," the chief who had already spoken said.

"Yes," White Crow said, doubtless concluding a speech which had been interrupted by Sotavento's arrival, "the information obtained by our hunters is positive; the Pawnee Loups have made a great expedition, and carried off many horses. We are in want of horses. The Pawnees are encamped two suns' distance at the most from our village; why should we not go and take from them the horses we require? I have spoken; let my brothers reflect."

Another chief said—

"Our young men require to be trained; few warriors of our tribe are reported good horse thieves. White Crow's medicine is good; his expeditions always succeed. Let him choose among our young men those whom he considers worthy to accompany him, and carry off the horses of the Pawnees, which we shall soon need for our great buffalo hunts. I have spoken."

"What is the opinion of the chiefs?" the sachem continued.

"Let Running Water give his first," White Crow said, "for he is the oldest sachem of the tribe."

Running Water rose.

"Be it so," he said, "I will speak. The news brought by White Crow is good; we really want horses for our great winter hunts. At any other moment I should have said, go and seize the Pawnee horses; ten minutes ago I should have expressed that opinion, but now I cannot possibly do so. My brothers do not reflect that my son, the Stag, has just arrived at the village; the distance is great from the stone lodge of the white men to the villages of the Red Buffalos; my son would not undertake so long a journey without serious motives. Let us suspend our discussion for a few moments; defer the decision as to the advisability of the projected expedition; smoke the grand sacred calumet filled with no richee, and listen to the words of my son. His tongue is not forked, and, perhaps, he has important news to give us. I have spoken."

The chiefs bowed in silence, and White Crow, answering for all, said that the sachem's advice was good, and that, before coming to a decision about the expedition against the Pawnees, the council would listen to the news which the Stag doubtless had to communicate. The great sacred calumet was then brought in with all the usual ceremonies on such occasions; it was filled with sacred tobacco, and lit by the help of a medicine rod. When it had gone the round, Running Water turned to Sotavento—

"The ears of the chiefs of the tribe are open," he said to him; "the Stag can speak."

The mayor-domo bowed respectfully to the sachem, and rose in the midst of a general silence.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COUNCIL OF THE RED BUFFALOS.

The night was dark; there was not a star in the heavens; at lengthened intervals, however, the moon emerged from behind the clouds, and shed for a few minutes a trembling and uncertain light, which, when it disappeared, rendered the darkness more dense; the wind whistled mournfully through the denuded trees, which clashed together with dull moanings, mingling their sad harmony with the ill-omened roars of the wild beasts, which prowled starving about the forest. The entrance of the lodge in which the chiefs were assembled in council glistened in the darkness like the mouth of the infernal regions. With the exception of the sachems, everybody was asleep in the village; the very dogs had ceased their sharp barking, and were lying by the half extinguished fires, which, smouldering beneath the ashes, spread no light.

Sotavento, or the Stag, by whichever name the reader likes to call him, had risen, and all the chiefs fixed on him eyes displaying the liveliest curiosity; in fact, as Running Water had remarked, the mayor-domo must have most important news to communicate to the chiefs of his nation, to have thus suddenly undertaken so long and dangerous a ride.

"Sachems and braves of the invincible tribe of Red Buffalo," he said, "it is only when I am able to see you that the skin which covers my heart is suddenly removed, and the words which issues from my chest are really inspired by the Wacondah. To obey the orders of the sages of my nation, I consented with regret to leave the callis of my fathers, and pretend to adopt the customs of the cowardly pale faces whose ruin we have sworn. Very often, this burthen, too heavy for my weak shoulders, has nearly crushed me; very often I have felt my courage on the point of abandoning me in this incessant struggle and false existence which has become mine. But you ordered, sachems, and I was obliged to bow my head and obey; I had ever present before my mind the numberless insults and horrible sufferings which our tyrants had made us endure. This thought constantly burning in my heart like a sharp arrow, by reviving my hatred, gave me the necessary strength to accomplish my heavy task. I believe, fathers and sachems of my nation, that I have never up to the present incurred reproaches from you on account of lukewarmness or negligence."

The chiefs bowed in evidence of their satisfaction, and Running Water replied—

"What does my son say? Why does he thus praise himself," he remarked in a sonorous voice, "for having done his duty? Does he not know that every man was placed in this world by the Wacondah to fulfil an often rough and painful task? Happy those whose task is the most arduous! the Wacondah loves them and regards them with a favorable eye, and for them he reserves after death the most productive territory in the happy hunting grounds. Of what does my son complain? In devoting him to live among the pale faces, I made him the saviour of my people and the avenger of their insults. All the braves, all the warriors of my tribe envy his lot; he alone complains like a cowardly Yori. He finds the task which has been allotted to him too heavy; be it so, let him retire, let him give up the post of honor, which the chiefs consented to confide to him, for the sake of us; let him return to the desert, but he must shun the calli of his fathers; he will not find brothers, relatives, or friends in his country; all will reject him and compel him to take refuge among the wild beasts that are less cruel and cowardly than he."

The mayor-domo listened to this severe reprimand with drooping head, but without daring to interrupt it. When the old chief ceased, he drew himself up—

"My father," he replied in a humble voice, with an accent of the greatest deference, "your words are severe; they fall upon my heart like red hot coals. I do not deserve these reproaches; the Wacondah is my witness that my thoughts have ever been with my tribe, and that avenging the insults offered you has been the sole object for which I have striven. My abode among the pale faces has, perhaps, unconsciously, given my words a strange turn that has led you into error. Be not wroth with me, father, for I am worthy of your esteem, if not of your praise. If I complained it was because my heart suffers at being absent from you, and that I long for the moment when I shall be allowed to throw far from me this borrowed garb, to resume the free, glorious, independent life of the Comanches, that noble nation, without an equal on the prairie, beloved by the Wacondah, respected by all the Red Skins, and feared by the ferocious pale faces, who have never succeeded in bowing them beneath the shameful yoke which they have imposed on all the other Indians."

The old chief shook his head several times, while a smile of undefinable meaning played round the corners of his thin lips.

"My son has learned much among the pale faces," he said; "his mind has opened to thoughts strange to his countrymen; his horizon has expanded and his tongue is gilded. May the Wacondah grant that it has not become forked, and that his heart has remained firm. I believe his words, and am glad to think that he does not deceive the fathers of his tribe. He can forget any severity in my words; the friendship I bear him, and the fear I have of seeing him break his word, could alone have made me utter them. Now, let my son explain to us, without further delay, the motive for his coming among us. The owl has already hooted twice, and we must be in a position before sunrise to take those measures which the news he brings us will doubtless necessitate."

The mayor-domo bowed respectfully, and at once continued—

"Thanks, father, for the justice you do me; your hopes shall not be deceived. Now, without further preface, this is my news, which I think will be agreeable to you, as it will give you the means to seize one of your most obstinate foes. The man whom the Yoris call Count de Melgosa is at this mo-

ment at the hacienda with an escort composed of but six *tamarindos*. To-morrow at sunrise he will set out to return to his house; nothing will be easier than for you to seize him as he passes through the canon, if your arrangements are properly made."

"Ah!" said the sachem, "that is really excellent news, and we will be careful to follow your advice, my son; but have you nothing else to tell us?"

"Yes, this: the Yoris are preparing once again to dig up the hatchet against their masters, the Gachupinos. A great meeting of all the Yori chiefs has taken place at the Hacienda del Bario, and war is resolved."

"Good," the chief answered; "perhaps, this time, the Wacondah will deliver our enemies to us."

"I believe I hold the power of soon delivering them to you," the Stag said in a hollow voice.

"Speak, son of my best beloved *Cuatl!*" the chief exclaimed with a vivacity unusual in an Indian; "your words fall on my heart like a refreshing dew; they rejoice me, and restore me the hope of vengeance."

"I cannot explain myself, father; my plan is one of those which only the man who has conceived them can carry out by keeping in his heart the secret of the means he intends to employ, but also the object he purposes to attain. Who knows whether the bird flying over our head may not go and reveal our secrets to the enemy? To you, but to you alone, my father, I will reveal so much of my plans as I can; but the chiefs of my nation must place the most entire confidence in me, and let me act as I please; if not, it will be impossible for me to succeed. I say that the chiefs of the nation must place full and entire confidence in me, because I require their aid in carrying out the plan I have formed. That is to say, I ask for the command of twenty of our most renowned warriors, who will obey me solely, and that, perhaps, for a whole moon. I have spoken, let my fathers reflect and take those measures with which their wisdom inspires them."

After uttering these words, the mayor-domo sat down, folded his arms on his chest, and fell into profound thought, remaining, apparently at least, a complete stranger to what was said round him, although, after the request he had made of the council, he was personally interested in the discussion which took place. Like all Indian debates the present one was calm and grave, each orator speaking in his turn and developing his ideas, without fearing the interruption so common and so offensive among ourselves. Nearly three hours were spent ere all had spoken, and opinions seemed agreed.

"These are the resolutions of the council," Running Water said as he rose; "let my brothers open their ears, for a chief is about to speak."

All eyes were immediately turned to the old Sachem; the Stag himself seemed to wake up, for he raised his head and listened to the chief's words with the deepest attention. Although the mayor-domo's face was impassive, and all his features retained the rigidity of Florentine bronze, a fearful storm was raging in his heart; for on what he was about to hear depended the success of a plan he had formed for a long time as the realization of his dearest hopes.

"The chiefs and sachems assembled round the council fire in the medicine lodge, after hearing the important news brought by the Stag, one of their most renowned chiefs, and after thoroughly deliberating on this news, have formed the following resolutions, which will be executed with the aid of the Wacondah, who alone is powerful, and without whose protection nothing is possible.

"The chiefs thank the Stag for the tried devotion he has not ceased to prove to the tribe in the dangerous post intrusted to him. In order to testify to the Stag the unbounded confidence which they have in his character, they grant his request under the sole stipulation that he will reveal to his father, Running Water, all he possibly can without injuring the success of the expedition he is undertaking. The Stag will choose twenty braves of his tribe, and assume their command, to lead them wherever he thinks proper, no one having the right to make any observation to him. He will have over these braves all the prerogatives of the most renowned chiefs of the tribe; this command, whose duration is unlimited by the council, will only cease at the Stag's desire. The sachems have thus decided, in order to give Running Water and his son a proof of their sincere friendship and the gratitude they feel for all the services which these two chiefs have rendered them.

"Running Water and White Crow will place themselves at the head of detachments of warriors they consider numerous enough to seize the Yori chief called Count de Melgosa, and so soon as that implacable enemy of our tribe is in their hands, they will lead him to our winter village, in order that the council of the nation may treat him as they think proper for the general welfare. I have spoken: have I said well, powerful men?"

All the chiefs bowed, merely uttering one word, *Aschest* (it is well,) the formula which generally closes the councils of the sachems.

At this moment the darkness began to be dispelled, and though the sun had not yet risen above the horizon, large bands of russet which tinged the sky, and covered it with extreme rapidity, proved that the day would soon break. The Stag rose, bowed respectfully to the members of the Council, and left the lodge. Hastily crossing the village square, on which some squaws were already to be seen, he entered the calli of his father, Running Water, and let the frame of intertwined lianas, lined with a buffalo-hide, which served as a door, fall behind him. A few moments after and the Stag reappeared.

Assuredly, in this Indian, armed and painted for war, no one would have recognized Sotavento, the mayor-domo, the man in whom Don Annibal de Saldibar placed such unbounded confidence, and on whose devotion he thought he had such reasons to count. The Stag had entirely doffed his European clothing, and put on the grand war-dress of the Comanche chiefs. In his left hand he held a long, sharp-pointed javelin, and his gun in his right. He went up to the ark of the first man, a species of enclosure of planks, of a conical shape, situate in the centre of the square, before which stood a sumach, whose faded leaves were already beginning to fall.

After walking thrice round the sumach the chief stopped, bowed twice to the rising sun, and balancing his javelin, while he raised his gun above his head, he commenced a characteristic dance round the tree, accompanied by a song, of which he doubtless improvised the words, and whose slow and monotonous rhythm marked the measure of the dance. At the end of each strophe the Stag struck the tree with his javelin without stopping.

Several Indians had left their callis and assembled round the chief, who continued his song. In a moment an Indian started after him, dancing and singing behind him. After him came another and then another, so that, at the end of half an hour, twenty warriors were dancing behind the Stag, and repeating after him the words he continued to improvise. As each Indian faced the circle of dancers, a woman left the group of spectators, and went to fetch his weapons from the calli. In the meanwhile the dance, which had begun to a slow and monotonous rhythm, had grown animated. The Indians, bathed in perspiration, twirled round the tree, to which they dealt repeated blows, while uttering hoarse, inarticulate cries, and brandishing their weapons furiously. The squaws and children, collected round the braves, mingled their cries and yells with theirs, and added by their imprecations and disorderly gestures to the sinister horror of this scene, to which was imparted all the savage majesty of the Indian war-dance.

The tree, struck by the axes, sagaies, knives, and lances of the Indians, lost its branches, and was completely stripped of its bark, which was piled on the ground; but ardor of the warriors, far from being checked, seemed, on the contrary, momentarily to increase. Suddenly the Stag gave a signal. All halted, as if by magic, and a deep silence instantaneously succeeded the deafening concert performed by all these men who had reached a paroxysm of fury. The chief gazed with satisfaction at the young, powerful, and haughty men who surrounded him.

"Will twenty warriors follow the Stag on the war-trail?" he asked.

"Yes, they will follow him!" the Red Skins replied unanimously.

"Good; they are great braves! The Stag knows them. The warriors will put on their war-mocassins, take their weapons, and choose their best horses. When the sun is level with the topmost branches of the trees, the Stag will be at the foot of the ark of the first man, mounted and waiting for his brothers. Now the Comanche squaws will proceed to cut down the sumach; no trace of the enemies of the Red Buffalos must remain. The warriors kill their foes, but women torture them. I have spoken."

The warriors dispersed. The squaws, following the permission granted them, at once rushed yelling on the unhappy tree, the last fragments of which disappeared within ten minutes beneath the blows of these savage Megæras. The Stag returned to his father's lodge, where the latter soon joined him. They had a confidential conversation together, which lasted more than two hours, at the end of which Running Water retired, apparently much satisfied with the explanation his son had given him. At the hour appointed by the Stag to depart, all the warriors were drawn up in front of the ark of the first man, impatient to set out and begin their mysterious expedition.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Col. Benton and the Woolly Horse.

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial relates the following anecdote of the late Col. Benton:—

Next door to Shillington's, on Pennsylvania avenue, a fellow came one day, about 1850, and opened a show. He had music playing at the door—a hurdy-gurdy, or something—and across the pavement stretched a gorgeous transparency to this effect:

"THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN PONY,
Captured by
CAPTAIN JOHN C. FREMONT, U. S. A.,
On Exhibition Here.

"It is neither horse, nor stag, nor antelope, but a marvellous combination of them all; an extraordinary nondescript, the puzzle of the faculty, the miracle of nature, the admiration of the world!"

The day after this spectacle opened, Dr. Wallace, now of the New York Herald, a favorite of Benton, was looking over the papers in Shillington's, when Col. Benton, in his ponderous and stately way, turned the corner, coming down Four-and-a-half street. He heard the music of the hurdy-gurdy, and seeing the great painted canvas over the pavement, he folded his cloak around him and proceeded to read the inscription. As he did so his english nose began to expand; his whiskers, brushed forward like gun-swabs, began to curl; his gray eyes looked famine.

Wallace, inoffensively reading the papers, was suddenly disturbed by the Colonel laying violent hands upon him.

"Here, sir! You! I want you, sir!" said he, in his deepest and most dreadful tones.

He put his talons into Wallace's shoulder, lifting him almost off his feet, shoved him ahead, and poked him along into the street and up the pavement. At the door of the show he took Wallace by the nape of the coat collar and gave him a chuck up stairs.

"Stop!" said the showman, "you have not paid your admission!"

"How much, sir, is it?" said Benton, terribly. "What is your fare, sir?"

"Quarter of a dollar!"

Benton produced the quarter and handed it over graciously. Then he chucked Wallace further up stairs.

"Go on, sir; I want you for a witness!"

"Stop!" said the showman below to Benton, who had pushed by him. "I must have your fare, too!"

"I don't recognize you, sir," cried Benton; "go on," to Wallace.

Wallace, in great consternation to know what this meant, was propelled into the show-room, while the door-keeper followed hard after to recover his money.

There stood the woolly horse, eccentric, indeed, at his ruminations, divided from the people by a rope. Across this rope the Colonel vaulted. He fixed his talons in the nondescript's wool, with another grip at his crupper, and, at a jerk, tore away hide, horns, and the whole outriggery of the quadruped.

"There," said the Colonel, in a scream, standing upon his hide like an eagle upon a sheep. "You are an impostor, sir! You slander, in this imposition, an officer of the army. I give you twenty-four hours to leave this city. Depart!"

He slung Wallace aside, paying no more attention to him, and stalked up toward the capitol.

Shillington says that in ten minutes there wasn't a vestige of the showman left. Dray-horse, hurdy-gurdy, and canvas folded their wings like the Arabs, and silently passed away.

☞ The Paris police have lately dealt severely with an original thief, whose peculiarity was a propensity to pick the locks of police stations and steal small articles of no use to himself. His defence was that he wished to make the police more vigilant. It was a good defence, but one the police could neither appreciate nor forgive.

The Earthquake in California.

We think our readers will be interested in the following private letter, recently received from a lady in Alameda, California. It gives a graphic account of the earthquake and its consequences. Alameda is just across the bay from San Francisco.

ALAMEDA, Oct. 23d, 1868.

Dear E.—We have scarcely slept at all for two nights. Of course you will see by the papers, long before this reaches you, all about the terrible earthquake we had on the 21st. The shock came at eight o'clock in the morning; I was in the sitting room, mending a sacque of M.'s; knew in a minute what it was, and rushed out the door with M. and mamma. We sank right down on the ground; I thought mamma was going to faint, and M. was frightened almost out of her senses. I shall never forget their faces. It was the hardest shock that has ever been felt in California, and lasted too long for an earthquake. It was perfectly frightful to see the large trees swaying all about, and to hear the rumbling noise. I expected all the time to see the ground open—it did open at Hayward's, twelve miles from here.

Presently we heard Mrs. S—— scream from her window up stairs (they are our next door neighbors).

Directly after the first shock, we thought of papa and L.; they had both started off a few minutes before, papa for San Leandro, and L. for the city. We were so afraid the cars would be on the long wharf—I know it was just the time for them to be there. I had a great time to keep mamma from going up the road for papa, or down to the depot to hear about the cars. Mr. and Mrs. S—— came running over, Mrs. S—— crying out, "oh, my house is ruined"—they were all up stairs at the time, and could not get down till the worst was over. They said the children were thrown from one side of the room to the other, and they held on to the bed to keep from falling; the plaster came tumbling all around them. Mr. S—— told papa that he never expected to get down alive.

N—— jumped on a horse and rode after papa, and then to the depot to hear from L——. He soon came back saying that they were safe, and after that we felt a little better. The shocks still continued, with a little time between. After a while we ventured to look in the windows, first in the sitting room, and then in the parlor. Everything was in confusion—the book case thrown down and broken, glass and books all mixed together, a large chair thrown down and broken, the clock stopped of course, the sewing machine pushed out from the wall, the lamp upset, chimney broken, and the oil running out, some little vases thrown on the floor. And in the parlor everything seemed to be in the middle of the room—all the little trinkets thrown down, the what-not emptied, but strange to say most of them not broken. We were afraid to step inside the house for ever so long. Mrs. S—— wanted us to come over to look at their house; just as we came to it there was another hard shock, and how the house did rattle. N—— said, "oh! look at S——'s chimney." We looked, and there was nothing but a big hole in the roof; that reminded us of our own, which we soon saw was down too. Pretty soon papa came riding back, brought word that the court house was down, and Mr. Josselyn killed; how thankful we all felt that papa was not there.

After a while we ventured in the house and tried to fix things a little, but it was very slow work, for we had to run out about every ten minutes—we kept all the doors open. About noon Mrs. C—— and A—— and J—— walked down; J——'s face was as white as her apron almost, and we all trembled so we could hardly stand. While we were talking there came another shock, and we all ran out of doors. Their kitchen stove upset and nearly set the house on fire, and A——'s marble-topped bureau was thrown down and broken. They had stopped at Aunt E——'s a minute, and said she took it very coolly, was not much frightened. Oh my! what a state everybody's pantry was in—sugar, oil, vinegar, cream, spices, and everything all mixed together. We walked down to C——'s, she was out of doors with the children trying to get lunch; sent the girl for some cups and saucers—she came back with four and said, "This is all that is left." Mrs. C—— said she hadn't a single vase or lamp.

When we came back I found mamma on the couch by the door trying to get some rest, we all felt so tired, and the day seemed so long, and still we dreaded the night. We could not think of sleeping up-stairs. Just before dark papa and the boys went up and brought down some blankets and a mattress; the boys slept in the barn and the rest of us on the floor. Precious little sleep we had, I heard the clock strike every hour but two; we were glad when morning came, and were up about five. I think I never was nervous before, but I certainly was that day and night. I felt as if I should like to move away to some country where they never have earthquakes. I do hope it will soon be over. We went to bed last night, but had several shocks, one quite heavy, about three o'clock; we started up, but by that time it was over. They are such frightful things. There is something so awful in feeling the ground shake beneath your feet. M—— would not come inside the house all day; and last night, just after she got in bed and there came a shock, she began to cry and begged mamma to come and sleep with her; she felt safe then. Mr. K——'s house is a ruin. I rode up to see it this morning, a handsome octagon house; one side is completely thrown down, and it is all cracked—the family are looking for another house.

Mr. B——'s house is in ruins. I heard that a man could walk through the cracks in it. Every house is without a chimney. Three years ago they had a bad earthquake in October; you know I was with you then, and did not feel it, but this one was the worst that has ever been felt here. Mamma and I did not go up stairs till the next day; everything was in confusion, books thrown down, pitchers upset, mamma's looking-glass broken and mine just saved. That heavy little bureau you know of, tilted back, the bed moved more than a foot from the wall, my palette in the middle of the floor, together with a pile of pictures and papers. We have been working hard to get things put to rights again. I did not tell you that the dog and the lamb came running up to us for safety, and kept close to us till the worst was over.

I must stop and go to bed. M—— won't go alone and is asleep on the couch. All my letter is taken up with this awful earthquake, but I can think of very little else just now. I walked up to see Aunt E—— a few minutes yesterday; their house is not hurt at all, only they lost a chimney of course; but the plaster is not cracked. It being a one-story house saved it, I expect.

Write soon to me. Give love to all from K——.

Baron James Rothschild.

[In connection with the admirable story of "The Elector and the Money Prince," our readers will be interested in the following account of Baron James Rothschild, recently deceased, and of his brothers—the sons of Meyer Anselm, the founder of this great financial house.]

A great man has fallen in Israel. And yet neither a great man nor exactly in Israel. Baron James Rothschild, the fifth son of Mayer Anselm Rothschild of Frankfort, has been recognized by a sort of family compact or tradition, since the death in 1836 of the greatest of his house, Nathan Meyer Rothschild of London, as the head of a tribe, less numerous, indeed, than any one of the ten which were lost so long ago from the zodiac of Israel, but more opulent and more powerful in the world of our times than were all the ten together in Palestine of old. After nearly fourscore years of unbroken worldly prosperity, he has now been gathered to his fathers. For him the splendors of Ferrieres are become as a tale that is told. For him the great gates of the vast quadrangle which encloses the fabulously sumptuous Hotel of the Rothschilds in the Rue Lafitte at Paris will open but once more forever. To call him "a great man" would be to imply, if not that his life was noble, at least that his death will make an appreciable difference in the organization and the administration of such human affairs as he in his time had to do with. To say that he has fallen in Israel would be to imply that he was an Israelite indeed, not outwardly alone but in his sympathies, his relations, and his ambition of race. Now none of these things can with truth be either said or implied of Baron James de Rothschild. The colossal moneyed interests into the enjoyment and the management of which he was born had become so solidly combined under the control of his brother, Nathan Meyer, who deserves to be called the founder of the permanent fortunes of the Rothschild family, they were so ingeniously distributed and interlinked, that the efforts of Baron James were rather confined to guarding against the possible evil influences upon his house of the enormous changes in the worlds of finance and of politics which have come to pass during the last twenty years, than directed to making the position already attained by the Rothschilds when he came upon the stage the basis of new and grander operations. And while he never abandoned the faith of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, he neither felt nor showed any such concern for the welfare of his co-religionists as has been felt and shown, for example, by such eminent and estimable Israelites as the excellent but eventually unfortunate Abraham Goldsmid in the last century and Sir Moses Montefiore in our own times. The sarcasm levelled at him by Prince Talleyrand, when that subtle personage presented the ennobled son of the banker of the Hessian Landgrave to the head of the crusading Montmorencies with the words, "I introduce the premier baron of Israel to the premier baron of Christendom," was lost upon Baron James. He took his title in good faith, regarded it as a valuable reality, and felt himself to be rather a Frenchman of the *haute-finance*, or, to speak more exactly, a Parisian of the *coulisses* and the Jockey club, than a Jew. These traits of his disposition gave power and poisonous pungency to the terrible attack made upon him, by Balzac in his picture of M. de Nucingen. And in these traits he more nearly resembled such "successful" scions of his ancient oriental stock as Sampson Gideon, who founded in England that family of the Culling Eardleys which in our days has forlornly ended in an Exeter Hall Calvinistic disciple of Lord Shaftesbury, and in a bigamistical baronet, than the really noble and gifted Israelities who have illumined the annals of modern art and modern letters with names like those of a Mendelssohn and a Jacoby. The political circumstances of the last twenty years in France have not been favorable to the development in the Parisian branch of the Rothschild family of such civic and political faculties as have earned a respectable reputation in other fields than those of finance for some of their British kinsmen. But Baron James had no taste for civic or political life. To be the central figure of the most powerful commercial house which has ever existed (unless, indeed, we are to except that of the Fuggers of Augsburg at the height of their fortunes) filled the measure of his ambition. Need we say how much it secured for him of homage and of influence among men in these days, when, as our own poet, Halleck, so truly sang—

"Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglass in red herrings;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace and park, and vassal band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings!"

But homage and influence were by no means the whole revenue of Baron James's vast opulence. He loved to dispense a gorgeous hospitality; he filled his house in Paris with marvels of "bigotry and virtue," and his Olympian nod was all-potent behind the scenes of the opera with divinities neither bigoted nor virtuous. His picture-gallery was famous even in the city which contains the hotel of the Marquis of Hertford. There, in the apartments appropriated to Madame de Rothschild, connoisseurs admired that noble "Boy" of Rembrandt for which the representatives of half the finest national galleries in Europe contended at the sale of the Baron Von Brienen's collection; and a Hobbema, esteemed, and rightly esteemed, to be the finest specimen of the master to be seen in France since the Hertford Hobbemas were transferred to one of the English palaces of the owner; and the only authentic specimen, save that in the Imperial Louvre, of the skill of Jan Van Eyck, the "morning-star" of Northern art. Rembrandt's "Standard-Bearer;" a delicious "*Lasticre*" from the aerial pencil of Greuze; a charming portrait by Velasquez of an Infanta of Spain; a master-work by Quentin Metsys, the blacksmith, whom Love, as a sweet old legend tells us, ennobled into an artist; and a priceless gem, "Winter," from the easel of Van de Velde—were conspicuous among the ornaments of this palace of finance. In pictures of the more modern schools, and particularly of the schools of France, the Baron's gallery was only less rich than the incomparable collection of M. de Lacaze. A cabinet of painted enamels, not surpassed by those of De Ganay and Basilewski; store of rare Italian porcelain and fairy-like Venetian glass, and Persian vessels of price, rivalling the sapphire and the ruby in splendor;—these, with all that upholstery, all that *bric-a-brac* e'er gave to bear the witness of beauty to the potency of wealth, made the residence of Baron James de Rothschild one of the most interesting of museums as well as one of the most sumptuous of homes. And yet, from the overplus of the Rue Lafitte, the Parisian Croesus had poured forth upon his magnificent country-seat of Ferrieres such treasures of art that these alone were estimated in the inventories of the insurance companies at more than ten millions of francs, or two millions of dollars, in value.

The latter years of Baron James had been somewhat embittered by the marvellous prosperity of the great financial combinations which, under the direction of able and far-seeing or of merely audacious and unscrupulous men, generated around the old hotel of the Rue Lafitte a swarm of rival fortunes, some of which, as for example those of the Pereires, were for a while popularly believed to be eclipsing his own. But the firm principles established by Meyer Anselm and by Nathan Meyer were down in the end these evanescent glories, which, having risen "like an exhalation," like an exhalation in many cases began again to disappear while yet the Baron lived to see them fade and pass away. He has undoubtedly died as he was born—a financial prince of the first financial house of the world. With his death the sceptre of its affairs is likely to pass from Paris to London. The "nuptials," to use the royal word, of a princess of the house of London with a prince of the house of Paris were celebrated, it will be remembered, some years ago, with a pomp which recalled the fabled magnificences of Beckford's Fonthill, and which inspired the London Times to an epithalamium two columns long, glowing with flowers like a Chiswick horticultural show, and sparkling with diamonds like the regalia of a monarch. The perpetual interweaving of the resources and the abilities of the different branches of this extraordinary family has heretofore been the palladium of their fortunes. It will doubtless for many a long year to come give a strength to their dynasty within its own domain, which from other dynasties in the realm of politics is fast ebbing away. And after all, while the interest which people take in a dynastic family in finance simply because it is a dynastic family, and is rained upon like Danae of old by a golden Jupiter, is not a bit more respectable than interest in a royal dynasty simply because it is royal, the Rothschilds deserve this praise, that down to the present time their vast wealth has been preserved as it was won, mainly by a rigid adherence to the principles of probity and of punctuality in all the important relations of life.

KILLING MADE EASY.—A ghastly scientific discovery is reported from Turin, where Professor Casturani, the celebrated oculist, has, it would appear, found a way of killing animals, by forcing air into their eyes, within the space of a few seconds, and, it is thought, almost without causing them any pain. Experiments were made at the Royal Veterinary School, and it is said that they have fully proved the truth of the professor's invention. Within the space of a few minutes four rabbits, three dogs, and a goat were killed in this manner. The most remarkable thing about this "killing made easy" is the fact that it leaves absolutely no outward trace; and it can be as easily applied to men as to animals; if so, it is to be hoped that the method is not easy of application.

☞ A young lady who had a pretty cousin, said to a suitor that she "couldn't marry him for six months." On being urged to give her reasons, she replied, "Cousin Flora has *done me out* of two beaux, and I am determined she shan't do me out of a husband, so I won't marry you, Harry, till she's been and gone." The fair lady evidently thinks that the "better part of valor is discretion," and is likewise convinced that "an ounce of precaution is worth a pound of cure."

☞ The so-called Autier sympathetic ink, for giving a copy of a letter without any press, and without previously moistening the copying paper, consists essentially of a decoction of Brasil wood and glycerine. When any paper is written upon with this ink and laid upon tissue paper, the simple rubbing over with the finger is sufficient to produce the desired transfer.

☞ All England that wears stockings is alarmed at the discovery that, in the process of dyeing certain colors, the fabric is changed into gun cotton. Imagine a whole audience blowing themselves up while stamping applause at a mass-meeting.

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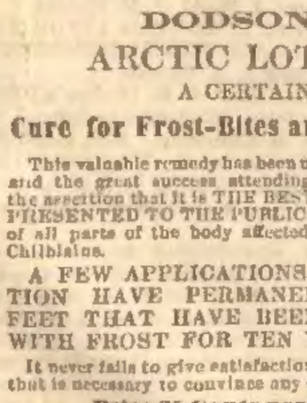

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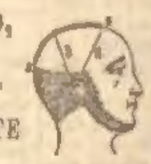

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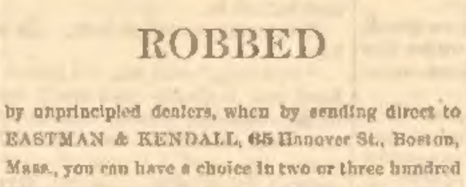

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sep26-cow17t

WHEN THOU'RT SITTING.

BY NELLIE A. MANN.

When thou'rt sitting sad and lonely
In thy home beside the sea,
Dost thou ever, though 'tis only
For the moment, think of me?
When the evening shadows darken,
And the hearth-ray is ablaze,
Dost thou ever pause to hearken
For the tones of other days?

Reading in each glowing ember
Stories of the buried past;
Dost thou, darling, then remember
Joys which were too bright to last?
Give me answer, for I'm longing,
Longing, sweetest, so to know
If through memory's hall is thronging
Visions of the long ago.

Mother Hubbard's Warning.

It was in the days of our grandmothers, when there were brick ovens in the land, that Mr. Hubbard bought his house (the haunted house of R——), very much against his wife's will. It was a lonely house. It was next to the graveyard, which, though unused, was not cheerful, and it had the reputation of a ghost. However, Mr. Hubbard did not believe in ghosts, and was too cheerful to be depressed by warning, and never intended to be lonely.

"Mother Hubbard," he said, when his wife shook her head over the purchase, "I got it cheap and it is a good one. You will like it when you get there. If you don't, why then talk."

So the house was bought, and into it the Hubbard family went. There was scarcely a chance for a ghost to show his face in such a family of boys and girls. The rosy-faced master of the house and his little wife had ten of them. It was in view of the eternal cry of "mother" that the jolly husband had dubbed his Martha Jane "Mother Hubbard," using it in jest at first, and at last, because of an old habit. Hearing it, the rest of R—— fell into the habit of calling her "Mother Hubbard," so that it was more her name by far than her baptismal Martha Jane.

Having once expostulated and spoken out her mind, Mother Hubbard gave up the point. She scrubbed and scoured, tacked down carpets and up curtains, and owned that the place was pretty; and as not a ghost appeared for a week, made up her mind that there were no such inhabitants, and even began not to mind the tombstones. So the house got to rights at last, and baking day came about. In the press of business, they had a great deal of baker's bread, and were tired of it.

Mrs. Hubbard never enjoyed setting a batch of bread to rise as she did that which was to be eaten for the first time in the new house.

"For I cannot get up an appetite for stuff that nobody knows who has had the making of," said Mother Hubbard, "and all puffy and alumny besides."

So into the oven went the bread, and out it came at the proper time, even and brown and beautiful as loaves could be. Mother Hubbard turned them up on their sides as she drew them forth, and they stood in the long bread-tray, glorious proofs of her skill and the excellence of the oven, when Tommy Hubbard bounded in. Tommy was four, and at that age one is prone to believe that anything will bear our weight. Tommy, therefore, anxious to inspect the newly-made bread, swung himself off his feet by clutching the edge of the bread-tray, and over it came loaves and Tommy and all.

Mother Hubbard flew to the rescue and picked up the loaves. All were dusted and put in the tray again but one. That lay bottom upwards under the table.

"A bothering child to give me so much trouble," she said, as she crawled under the table. "A—O—ah—dear, dear, dear—on—O my—"

And there on the floor sat Mother Hubbard, screaming, wringing her hands and shaking her head. The children screamed also in concert. Mr. Hubbard rushed in from the garden where he was at work.

"What is the matter, mother?" he gasped.

Mrs. Hubbard pointed to the bottom of the loaf lying in her lap.

"Look there and ask me!" she said. "It is a warning, William; I am going to be taken from them all."

And he looked, and he saw a death's head and cross-bones, as plainly engraved as they possibly could be.

"It is accident," said Mr. Hubbard. "Such queer cranks do come, you know."

But Mother Hubbard was in a troubled state of mind.

"The stories about the haunted house were true," she said; "and the spirits have marked the loaf. I am afraid it is a warning."

And the loaf was put aside, for even Mr. Hubbard did not dare to eat any of it.

Mrs. Hubbard got over her fright at last, but the news of the awfully marked loaf spread through R——, and people came to Hubbard's all the week to look at it. It was a death's head and cross-bones, certainly, every one saw that at a glance, but as to its meaning, people differed. Some believed that it was a warning of approaching death; some thought that the spirits wanted to frighten the Hubbards away. This latter supposition inspired Mrs. Hubbard with courage; finally she leaned to the belief, and when another baking day arrived, put her loaves into the oven once more, prepared for cross-bones, and not to be frightened by them. The loaves baked as before. They came out brown and crusty as Mrs. Hubbard turned each in her hands. There were no cross-bones visible, but on the last were sundry characters or letters. What, no one could tell, until there dropped in for a chat a certain printer of the neighborhood, accustomed to reading things backward.

"By George," said he, "that is curious. That is curious—r-e-s-u-r-g-am, resurgam; that is what is on the loaf—resurgam."

"It is what they put on tombs, isn't it?" asked Mother Hubbard, faintly.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Hubbard; "but it ain't so bad as cross bones and skulls."

Mother Hubbard shook her head.

"It's even solemner," said the little woman, who was not as good a linguist as bread maker. "I feel confident, William, that I shall soon be resurgamed; and what will those dear children do then?"

And now the second loaf was before her eyes, marked awfully as was the first—Mother Hubbard grew really pale and thin, and lost her cheerfulness.

"I have a presentiment," she said over and over again, "that the third baking will decide who the warning belongs to. I believe it is meant for me, and time will show. Don't you see how thin I am growing?"

And though Mr. Hubbard laughed, he also began to be troubled. The third baking day was one of gloom. Solemnly as at a funeral, the family assembled to assist in the drawing.

Five loaves came out markless; but one remained.

Mother Hubbard's hand trembled; but she drew it forth; she laid it on the tray; she turned softly about. At last she exposed the lower surface. On it were letters printed backward, plain enough to read this time, and arranged thus:

"Died April 2nd,
lamented by
her large family."

"It is me," cried Mrs. Hubbard. "I am to go to-morrow. This is the 1st. I do feel faint. Yes, I do. It is awful, and so sudden."

And Mother Hubbard fainted away in the arms of the most terrified of husbands.

The children screamed, the cat mewed, the dog barked. The oldest boy ran for the doctor. People flocked to the Hubbards. The loaf was examined. Yes, there was Mother Hubbard's warning—her call to quit this world.

She lay in bed bidding good-by to her family and friends, her strength going fast. She read her Bible, and tried not to grieve too much. The doctor shook his head. The clergyman prayed with her. Nobody doubted that her end was at hand, for people were very superstitious in those days.

They had been up all night with good Mother Hubbard, and dawn was breaking, and with it she was sure that she must go; when clattering over the road and up to the door came a horse, and on the horse came a man. He alighted. He rattled the knocker. He rushed in. There was no stopping him. Up stairs he went to Mother Hubbard's room and bolted in.

Every one stared at him. He took off his hat.

"Parding," said he, "I heard Mrs. Hubbard was a dying—and she'd had warnings on her bakings. I came over to explain. You see I was sexton of the church here a few years ago, and I know all about it. You needn't die of skeer just yet, Mrs. Hubbard, for it is neither spirits nor devils about, nor yet warnin's. What marks the loaves is old Mrs. Finkle's tombstone. I took it for an oven-bottom, seeing there were no survivors, and bricks were dear. The last folks before you didn't have 'em printed off cos they made them pan loaves, but we were used to them ourselves. Cross bones and skull in the gingerbread we didn't heed, and I never thought o' carin' for the resurgam. So you see how it is, Mrs. Hubbard, and I am sorry you was skeered."

Nobody said a word. The minister shut his hymn book. The doctor walked to the window. There was a deadly silence. Mother Hubbard broke it.

"Father," she said, "the first thing that you do, get a new bottom to that oven."

And the tone assured the assemblage of friends that Mother Hubbard was not going to die just then.

Indeed, she sat up the very next day, and as soon as the oven was re-bottomed invited everybody to a tea-drinking, at which no one discovered awful warnings on the bread or ghostly printings on the gingercake.

YOUNG FANGLE.—"Look here, Briggs. You know it's inconvenient for me to settle that little account of yours now; and if you come bothering about it, hang me if I don't order another suit of you!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

Without Children.

A week before the commencement of the quarter in Paris, a gentleman came to the proprietor of a house and commenced the following conversation:—

"One of my friends, who is unable to come himself on account of illness, has sent me to rent for him the second floor of your house."

"Your friend is not married? He has no children?"

"No, sir."

"I will accept him only on those conditions. My house is very quiet; and to make sure, you will be good enough to mention that the tenant is a bachelor, in the contract."

The sick man's agent agreed to these terms, and, by virtue of his power of attorney, signed a lease of the rooms for three years.

When the day for taking possession of the premises came, four children, the oldest of whom was not more than ten, arrived with the furniture. On learning this, the proprietor rushed out in a rage, and, addressing the officious friend, who was superintending the transportation of the furniture, reminded him of the special agreement in the lease.

"My dear sir," he answered, "you have rented your apartments to my oldest son, that young lad who is sucking barley sugar at the foot of the stairway. I assure you that he is not married nor the father of a family. You have nothing to fear from his children for a long time to come: only he extends to his father and brothers that hospitality which your signature authorizes him to exercise for the next three years."

Turn Out for a Hog.

Thirty-five years ago or more a young man, then pastor of a rural church in the state of New York, was driving through the parish village in his buggy, having at his side the "senior deacon," a very portly, heavy, good old gentleman, known par excellence as "the squire." He was a very prudent man, rather timid and careful of his life and limbs, all of which were of signal benefit to the church and society.

Having ascended a slight elevation in the road, the deacon observed, about a hundred yards ahead, stretched out on his broadside, right across the narrow track, basking in a mud-puddle, a huge, fat, lazy hog, weighing probably more than three hundred pounds.

"Look there," said the deacon, nervously, "see that old hog across the road. Turn out."

"I see, sir," said the elder. "I can't turn out."

"But we must, or we shall be turned over."

"Can't do it, sir. I have the right to the road. That hog must give way."

Pony trotted on. They drew nigh to the hog.

"I tell you, said the deacon, now nervously, excited, "turn out, or we are gone."

"Never fear, sir, the hog must clear out."

By this time they were nearly at a standstill, the elder presuming that if he could arouse the attention of the sleepy beast he would at once rise and clear the track. But no; his hogship just raised his head, gave a slight glance at the little buggy, and, with a short grunt, laid himself down in the mud. The end was, that the elder had to make a short turn out and to take a circuit round, while the hog remained master of the situation. The elder having regained the track, and the squire his composure, (the driver rather crestfallen) the deacon said—

"Elder, when I am on the road I never stop to contend with a hog. I think it is better to turn out."

The deacon ended, and the elder sat for some minutes revolving in his mind the deacon's rule about hogs and its obvious moral; and the rule "never to stand in the road to contend with a hog," has been one of the most useful rules of his life.

A Spider on Her Dress.

A certain lady in this village, whom we shall call Mrs. Jones, because that is not her name, has some goods stored in the cellar of one of our stores. A few days since she visited the cellar, with the evident intention of obtaining some articles, and while there one of the clerks had occasion to visit it also, for the purpose of getting a few pounds of butter for a customer. He noticed that the lady in question stood close to a quantity of eggs, and that her crinoline had assumed undue proportions. He apparently paid no attention to her, however, but hastened back to the store, and informed one of his fellow clerks of what he had accidentally discovered. A consultation was immediately held, when one of the clerks resolved to ascertain the correctness of their supposition, viz.: that Mrs. Jones had a number of eggs concealed in her dress. In order to do this, the clerk seized an axe-handle, and commenced flourishing it near the entrance to the cellar. As soon as Mrs. Jones made her appearance in the store, the clerk addressed her thus: "Oh! Mrs. Jones, there is a spider on your dress!" which he instantly struck in several places with his shillelah, causing the eggs to break and stream from her crinoline in all directions. The effect can be better imagined than described. Mrs. Jones did not stop to offer any explanation, but left the store as fast as the propelling power furnished by dame nature could carry her.—*St. John (Michigan) Republican.*

SWEET THING TO SAY.—*Iron-gray middle-aged Gentleman (who has been for some time using a Hair Restorer) to good-natured Friend.*—Eh? I say, Scruggles, it seems to me that my hair has lately got darker.

Scruggles.—Very likely. Your hair seems to have got darker, because your eyes have got dimmer.

☞ "But father, you know love makes time fly," said an enthusiastic daughter who was arguing in favor of a longer bridal trip than usual. "Yes, my dear, I know it does at first; but you'll find that in the end time will make love fly."

AGRICULTURAL.

Save the Dead Leaves.

If every horticulturist and farmer would think for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves—which contain not only the vegetable matter, but the earthy salts, lime, potash, etc., needed for the next season's growth and fertility—and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the very tree and plant from which they fall; nay, more, if they would consider that it is exactly in this way, by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests, it would hardly be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist or farmer to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally lost altogether. Nor would he give them away, as many now do. He would rather collect, from week to week, the leaves that fall under each tree, and by digging them under the soil about the roots, where they will decay, provide in the cheapest manner the best possible food for the tree. If this plan should be tried we should not see old orchards dying out for want of nourishment; but they would, in this simple manner, receive all the enriching they required. Pear trees, and doubtless the peach, would be greatly benefitted by this procedure.

In certain vineyards in France and Italy, the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at their roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off, or falls from the vines at the close of the season. Will not some of our farmers, of inquiring minds, give this simple process a trial this season?

It is a well known fact that no manure is more eagerly sought for by the florist than leaf manure. It enters largely into the compost prepared for potting. Leaves, collected and mixed with barnyard manure, greatly enhance its value. Therefore gather up the leaves that nothing be lost.

Two Hints for Horsemen.

An exchange says:

1. To prevent chafing the breasts of horses. The common practice of using pads or sheepskins under the collars is objectionable, especially in warm weather, because it accumulates heat and makes the breast tender. A better way is to take a piece of thick and smooth leather, cut it out just the size of the collar, or a little wider, and let it lie flat on the neck and shoulders of the horse. This will lie smooth on the neck, while the collar itself moves about, and so it will prevent chafing. In addition to this, let the breast of working horses be washed off every night with clean water.

2. In reference to blanketing horses in winter. It is doubtless true that blanketing keeps a horse's coat smoother in winter. And hence, fine carriage horses and saddle horses will doubtless continue to be blanketed. But where horses are kept more for service than for show, we think they had better dispense with the blanket. Keeping them constantly covered makes them tender and liable to take cold. Better give them a warm stable, plenty of straw for bedding, and good food. When they are to stand for any length of time out doors in a cold winter's day, they should have blankets. And so when they come in from work steaming hot, they should be allowed to stand a short time until they have partially cooled off; then the blanket should be put on for an hour. Be careful and not delay putting on the blanket until they have become chilled.

PREPARING NEW BARRELS FOR USE.—President Starr of the Alton Horticultural Society, says, to prepare new oak barrels for wine or cider, use one pound of alum and four or five pounds of salt to four bucketsful of water; heat boiling hot, and put one bucket at a time in the barrel; rinse thoroughly; let it stand an hour, turn it out and repeat the operation with another bucketful. Finally rinse with cold water and fumigate with sulphur, and all will be right.

TO KEEP WORMS FROM DRIED FRUIT.—Put the fruit in common muslin bags, with a little sassafras bark scattered through, a handful of bark to a bushel of fruit, and no worms will trouble it.

RECEIPTS.

SOUP AND BONILLI.—Eight pounds of beef, ten carrots, eight turnips, eight onions, (all sliced,) six cloves, one teaspoonful of whole black pepper, some allspice, and two quarts of cold water. Stew the whole together very gently for five hours. If you wish for rice or vermicelli, take a large breakfastcup full of either, and swell it in half a pint of the liquor, in a small saucepan, which will take from an hour to an hour and a half. Then take out the meat and strain the soup, to which add the rice, etc., and boil for a quarter of an hour, gently shaking it to prevent burning. Add a good dessertspoonful of tomato catchup, or a whole tomato quartered, with a pinch of cayenne pepper. The meat serve up hot, with the vegetables as garnish. Slice a small quantity of bread, very thin, into the tureen, and pour the soup boiling hot upon it.

INDIAN PICKLE.—Pull into small branches a white cauliflower; peel and slick the stalk; cut a small white-hearted cabbage in pieces; slice a corresponding quantity of onion, turnip, and carrots; immerse the whole in a boiling brine for two minutes; drain, and afterwards shrivel them in a warm place; prepare a pickle of four quarts of vinegar, two ounces each of ginger and long pepper, a few shalots, four ounces of horseradish, and two ounces of mustard flour; make it scalding hot, pour it over the vegetables in a stone jar, and when cold tie down. It will be ready in a month's time. Instead of the mustard meal, half the quantity of powdered tumeric may be used and two ounces of mustard seed may be strewn amongst the other ingredients.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.—Perhaps a good receipt for horseradish sauce, which is so excellent with both hot and cold beef, but which we do not always see served up with either. Two tablespoonfuls of mustard, the same of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, and one of pounded white sugar, well beaten up together with a small quantity of grated horseradish. This is, of course, to be served up cold.

SAVORY POTATO CAKES.—Quarter of a pound of grated ham, one pound of mashed potatoes, and a little suet, mixed with the yolks of two eggs, pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Roll it into little balls, or cakes, and fry it a light brown. Sweet herbs may be used in the place of ham. Plain potato cakes are made with potatoes and eggs only.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 2, 6, 6, 2, 4, is a vegetable product.
My 4, 5, 6, is a snare.
My 6, 5, 4, 6, is a place of shelter.
My 3, 5, 4, 6, is what property holders delight it.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a vegetable.
My whole is a musical instrument.

A. L. ROCKY.

Scripture Rebus.

Who Jeremiah to the princes brought?
Whom God and Rimmon both to worship sought?
Whose son was over those who tilled the land?
What wandering race to drink no wine were found?
The town where Solomon a navy made.
A king whose call five other kings obeyed.
What Syrian captain fell with all his host?
Who brought to Hezekiah Rabshakeh's boast?
Where dwelt the priest, father of Joseph's wife?
What priest to Egypt fled to save his life?
The place where David took a golden crown.
To whom was Paul, with care, by night brought down?
Who in his exile help to David brought?
What giant fain would have with David fought?
The land where Jephthah from his brethren fled.
Who angered Asa by the words he said?
My initials bring the answers.

Problem.

A owns 720, B 336, and C 1,736 rods of land. They agree to divide it all into equal house lots, fixing on the greatest number of rods for a lot that will allow each owner to lay out all his land. How many rods must there be in a lot? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Question.

A father died, leaving two farms and eight children, four boys and four girls, all equal heirs to this his landed estate. The first of the farms is taken by his son Abraham at $1,333.33⅓; and the second of the farms is taken by his son Henry at $1,400. But before settlement is made, Abraham buys the releases to the estate from his two other here not named brethren. The question is now how much must *each* of the two named brothers pay out to each of the four girls, who receive no lands, so that all things will be settled fairly and honestly to each of the children? JUNIOR.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the fastest thing out? Ans.—A conductor's baton; it beats time.

☞ What is the end of good investments? Ans.—The divid-end.

☞ What is the greatest bet ever made? Ans.—The alpha-bet.

☞ How can you keep your doors from being broken open by burglars? Ans.—Don't close them.

☞ What is the chief thing most people have in view? Ans.—The nose.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Marco Bozarris, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain." REBUS—"While there is life there is hope." (Weasel, Hierarch, Islam, Litany, Ergo, Taurus, harpoon, Eglantine, Rialto, ecstasy, Ich Dien, Symphony, Lotus, Idyl, Faubourg, Eaglewood, turban, Holocaust, earl, Rajah, ebony, irony, snow, Hellespont, obelisk, pigmy, Euchology.)

Answers to Peter Plain's PROBLEM of Sept. 5th—515 days—D. Diefenbach. 508.—days *nearly*—J. M. Greenwood. 546 days—F. M. Priest. 521 days—J. S. Phebus and J. N. Soders.

Answers to R. B.'s PROBLEM, same date—The stone fell 847.3 feet *nearly*—J. M. Greenwood. 845.177 ⅛ feet—F. M. Priest. 845 feet—J. S. Phebus. 1024 feet *actually*, 1020 feet 4 inches—W. T. Stonebraker.

Answer to Peter Plain's PROBLEM of Sept. 12th—$852.43¾—D. Diefenbach, J. Scott and J. N. Soders.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—1 minute, 33 seconds, or 2 minutes, 15 seconds—W. H. Morrow. 3 minutes, 33 seconds—J. S. Phebus. 213 seconds—A. V. Paterson.

Answer to X.'s PROBLEM, Sept. 19th—6480 miles (nearly)—D. Diefenbach, J. S. Phebus, J. Scott, J. N. Soders.

Answer to Melville's PROBLEM of same date—456548027781-1061552293520—Melville and J. N. Soders.

Answers to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date—133 feet, 4 inches—J. S. Phebus, W. T. Stonebraker. 133½ feet—S. S. Knox, G. H. Kurtz, F. Thompson. 132¼ feet—J. N. Soders and E. P. Boyle.

AN ECONOMICAL AND VERY DELICIOUS WAY OF COOKING A RABBIT.—Take a nice fresh rabbit, cut it in slices, and fry it brown with some slices of pickled pork and some onions shred fine. When nice and brown, take it out of the frying-pan and put it in a stewpan with water sufficient to cover it; pepper and salt to taste; thicken with some flour and butter; add forcemeat balls, but be sure not to put the fat out of the frying-pan. Let the gravy be about the thickness of a very rich cream.

GAUFFRES.—Take six new-laid eggs, one-half pound of fresh butter, one-half pint of cream, one-half pound of flour, a little yeast, and the rind of a lemon. Beat up the yolks of the six eggs with the butter, and add the cream, the flour, a teaspoonful of yeast, a little salt, a little rose-water, and the grated rind of one lemon. Mix all by beating up the batter thoroughly, and set it in a warm place, to rise, for an hour. Whisk up the whites of the six eggs and mix them with the batter, and bake the gauffres over a small stove till they are crisp.

APPLE CHEESE.—Take equal weights of apples and sugar; boil the sugar in water, take off the scum as it rises, and when it is clear, put in the apples with some lemon-juice and peel, and boil until it is all of a proper thickness.

A CREAM FOR THIS CHEESE.—To a pint of cream or new milk put the yolks of two eggs, a stick of cinnamon, a spoonful of rose-water, and the peel of a lemon; let it quite boil, and when it is cool, sweeten it to your taste, and pour it over or around the cheese.